CT 275
.D378A35

MEANS to ENDS

by

H. H. DeWEESE

Class _____

Book _____

Copyright No. _____

COPYRIGHT DEPOSIT.

MEANS TO ENDS

THE EXPERIENCE OF RIGHT AGAINST MIGHT IN AGRICULTURAL PURSUIT.

By H. H. DE WEESE,
Author of "Secrets of Success" and "Force of Habit."

COLUMBUS, OHIO.
1901.

CT275
.D378A35

LIBRARY of CONGRESS
Two Copies Received
AUG 4 1904
Copyright Entry
Nov. 2-1901
CLASS a XXc. No.
20228
COPY B

Copyrighted 1901
BY
H. H. DEWEESE

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

Introductory 3

From Boyhood to Manhood 18

A Heeding Solicitude 74

Individuality 129

INTRODUCTORY.

INTRODUCTORY remarks generally forestall the characteristics or contents of the book — the same as being introduced to or meeting strangers. The first impression generally concludes your likes or dislikes. A few remarks will denote the character of the one introduced to. We generally read people by their facial expression and every day acts, as one's actions oftentimes speak louder than words. A quiet disposition generally denotes a peaceful mind and rest and at ease with him or herself, slow to anger and of a forgiving nature, conscientious and devoid of malice. 'Tis this sort of character that moves the world, that counteracts good for evil and helps many a wayward soul over hard places. They have formed such habits of character that others may read as they run, and their face has become a looking glass to those who look therein, and it is a pleasure to meet them. They seem to be surrounded with environments that draw their fellow-man unto them. 'Tis such charac ter of acts, gained from actual experience, that

the author wishes to portray in every pursuit of life, as nothing will perpetuate nobler acts more than to be in close touch with nature. The artist, in order to gain world-wide fame, studies nature in her humble state that he may portray upon canvas some farm scene in some quiet nook or picturesque valley that is universally admired and studied by those who are hopeful that some day or some time they may enjoy peace and rest in just such a place as pictured upon the canvas. They struggle, they plan schemes in every way to become suddenly rich, that they may live in luxury and ease; but alas! the grim reaper of death mows them down with their task unfinished. Others take their places, pursuing the same forlorn hope. 'Tis only those who are satisfied with small gains and tranquility of mind that really obtain peaceful enjoyment out of life. Fast living and the dishonest methods to obtain it have caused more misery and engulfed more victims than if a tidal wave had deluged the whole continent. We are surrounded with alluring temptations and devastation, oppressions from professions, sacrificing both friend and foe, in order to obtain a luxurious livelihood, and at last one learns that "He who buyeth that which

he does not need, will live to see that which he cannot buy." Self-denial makes one strong. Deny yourself the luxuries of life and the means will furnish you with the necessaries of life and the means to ends. Well perform thy task, however humble; be honest and upright; be kind at heart to earn a little and to spend a little less; to make upon the whole the world happier by your presence; to renounce, when that shall be necessary, and not be embittered; keep a few friends, but these without compensation; above all, on the same firm conditions, to keep friends with yourself. Here is a task for all that a man has of existing. For he who is false to present duty breaks a thread in the loom and will find the flaw when he may have forgotten the cause. To be born poor is a blessing in disguise, if we have the right stuff in us. Riches are not the blessings many of us suppose them to be. Our fathers toiled, our mothers spinned; they denied themselves the comforts of life that they earned and needed in old age; their pleasures were few—all to save up for the children a store of wealth. The wealth for which any young man has not labored does not impress its real value upon him. Every young man should be taught in early manhood "the

necessity of self-reliance," to do his own thinking, and build up an honest business, for there is always some one thing that one can do better than another. One should seek to know what this is and, when found, apply one's energies to that one thing. Many a student would have made a great success as a farmer or carpenter; many a farmer is plodding hopelessly and wearily along who would have filled some other position with credit. It is not so much what one chooses, as to choose what one is fitted for; then success will crown your efforts. Success commands wherever it is obtained. One had better be a first-class mechanic than a poor preacher, or lawyer or doctor, teacher, or professor: they are a burden to the whole community. Whatever one may choose, put your best thought in it and dignify it by your earnest, honest work. Success will be sure to follow. And bear in mind that the amassing of wealth is not the highest form of success: the upbuilding of character is the great aim of life Many think because they possess wealth and influence they can buy character. Such persons are dangerous and, sooner or later, will find wealth gone and no character. My experience has taught me that it is not so much

what our conditions are as how we meet them. If they are not such as we would wish, complaint will not alter them. Repinings breed melancholy and despair. The more we brood over our conditions, the worse they will appear to us, the less strength of mind and energy we have to combat against them. There is scarcely a bad bud but what might be worse. One must learn to face these conditions with a smile and manly spirit, cheerfulness and hope, as cheer fulness can become a habit, and good habits help us over hard places. The Bible says a just man shall rise and fall seven times. Hope is an inspiration. Hope is the foundation on which we all stand. I write this book in the hope that it will inspire many minds to improvement, and opportunities will arise by which you may lessen your hardships. And if I cannot change them you may endure them more easily. My experience has taught me that it is well for us that life should not be all plain sailing with smooth sea, favoring winds and sunny skies. It was the many hardships, trials and endurances that furnished the food for thought that enabled me to write this book and entitle it "Means to Ends;" it was in meeting storms that bereft the masts of sail and

sent me adrift; in conquering adverse winds and overcoming obstacles mountain high; in bearing up in cloudy weather. Here I gained strength. It is experience that gives us wisdom. Each adversity overcome gives us greater strength to conquor the next. Each temptation resisted is a step up a higher plane of life. The highest virtue is not that which has never been tempted. To know how to wring victory from defeat and to make stepping-stones of our stumbling blocks is the secret of success in every pursuit of life. One's greatest glory is not in never falling, but in rising ever time we fall. Were our way all roses and no thorns, we would cease to make efforts to rise higher — we would become narrow and selfish. If our troubles seem great to us we must remember there are others bearing as great or greater ones than our's. Keep courage and cheerfulness. Learn to know men and do better. No one need be discouraged because they are poor, from trying to gain any honorable end. The reason so many fail to attain success arises from many causes. Many give up and allow others to do their thinking for them. And the one does the thinking, the other fellow the labor. You may form your own conclusion as

to which one will succeed. There is no barrier that can break down where both mental and physical strength are both applied with even balance; there is no place where better applied than on the farm.

Twenty-five years ago my story begins. A great many other things began also which will furnish the chief topics of "MEANS TO ENDS;" not from theory of fiction, but from experience, observation, feeling and seeing, having run the gauntlet of mankind through almost every channel of commercial activity. To describe all would be worse than the horrors of war, because business is fought with such vengenace that it's a continual strife against warfare, practically in a balloon flying through space, with just sufficient ballast to clear obstruction. To deny this would falsify the rapid advancements and achievements in the time described. But after all this mighty stride that has caused untold millions to gratify the whims of the few at the expense of the many, that is sapping the life-blood and energy out of that which produced it, until in the end the cost of the maintainance will exceed that of construction. This will take ages to repair. History repeats itself, and what will be has been,

and what has been will be. Men become so absorbed in gain, with the excitement attained in building up gigantic enterprises and vast fortunes, that not even the public stops to count the future cost and the future hardships that are sure to follow.

The future is ignored, the present absorbs every effort. So great and gigantic is the present. Incorporated towns and cities bond their freeholders in order to give bonds to enterprise, in order to create labor. The bonds generally are bonds bearing interest for all time to come and a lien on the little homes that the bond-bearing interest created labor. The proceeds of labor built the homes, and now the homes are taxed to pay the interest on the bond, and if the principal was demanded the whole incorporated town would have to be sold to pay it. There never was a single act performed or enacted but what in due time there was reaction right back upon that which produced it. All this I have learned and observed from experience, and it holds good in every instance in growing large yields of any cereal. It would be folly to expect the same soil to succeed itself with like results. There would be reaction: same with sowing the same seed on the same

soil. I also learned the value of the fertilizer by action. The soil produced the ashes and reacts with the same results. You cannot cheat nature without reaction, either morally, physically or intellectually. Our frail bodies are like a steam boiler. They will stand only so much pressure, then something must give way. Some are born and reared with greater endurance and mental or physical capacity than others and can stand more action and hardships than others. But there is a limit; same way with soil. Some are stronger than others in plant food. But there is a limit and reaction. There never was a laugh but what a moan was sure to follow. The laugh caused the moan or reaction. There could have been no laugh or moan to cause the laugh without some act.

We generally judge men by the company they keep; or tell me what books a man reads and I will tell you what he is. For there is a companionship of books as well as of men, and one should always live in the best company, whether it be books or of men. A good book may be among the best of friends. It is the same to-day as it always was, and it will never change——it is the most patient and cheerful

of companions. It does not turn its back upon us in times of adversity or distress. It always receives us with the same kindness — amusing and instructing us in youth, and comforting and consoling us in age. Men often discover their affinity to each other by the mutual love they have for a book, just as two persons sometimes discover a friend by the admiration which both entertain for a third. Books wind into the heart, the subjects slides in to the current of our blood. We read them when young, we remember them when old. We read then what has happened to others, we feel that it has happened to ourselves. They are to be had everywhere. They are cheap and good. We breathe but the air of books. We owe everything to their authors on this side of barbarism. A good book is often the best turn of a life, enshrining the best thoughts of which that life was capable; for the world of a man's life is for the most part but the world of his thoughts. Thus the best books are treasures of good words and golden thoughts, which, remembered and cherished, become our abiding companions and great comforters. They are never alone, they are accompanied by whole thougths. The good a true

thought may in time of temptation be as an angel of mercy, purifying and guarding the soul. Good books also enshrines the germs of action, for good words almost invariably inspire to good works. Books possess all essence of immortality, they are by far the most costing products of human effort. Temples crumble into ruin, pictures and statues decay, but books survive. Time is of no account with great thoughts which are as fresh to-day as when they first passed through their authors minds ages ago. What was then said and thought still speaks to us as vividly as ever from the printed page. The only effect of time has been to sift and winnow out the bad products, for nothing in literature can long survive but what is really good. Good books bring us into the presence of the greatest minds that have ever lived. We hear what they said and did. We see them as if they were really in our presence. We are participators in their thoughts. We sympathize with them; grieve with them; their experience becomes ours and we feel as if we were in a measure actors with them in the scenes which they describe. The great and good do not die even in this world embalmed in books. Their spirits walk abroad. The book is a liv-

ing voice, it is an intellect to which one still listens. Hence we remain under the influence of the great men always. It is to books and their spirit embalmed in them of great men, that we turn for entertainment, for instruction and solace in joy and in sorrow as in prosperity and in adversity. Man himself is of all things in the world the most interesting to man; whatever relates to human life, its experiences, its joys, its sufferings and its achievements, has usually attraction for him beyond all else. Each man is more or less interested in all other men as his fellow-creature, as members of the great family of human kind and the larger a man's culture the wider is the range of his sympathies in all that affect the welfare of his race. Yet the authentic picture of any human brings life and experience; ought to possess an interest greatly beyond that which is fictitious, inasmuch as it has the charm of reality. Every person may learn something from the recorded life of another, and even comparatively trivial deeds and sayings may be invested with interest as being the outcome of such beings as we ourselves are. The records of the lives of good men are especially useful. They influence our hearts, inspire us with hope and set before us

great examples, and when men have been men and allowed to do their duty through life, their influence will never pass away. The prize and noble life is never out of season. There is no man so commonplace that a wise man may not learn something from him. A noble life put fairly on record acts like an inspiration to others. It exhibits what life is capable of being made. It refreshes our downcast spirits, encourages our hopes, gives us new strength and courage and faith. Faith in others as well as in ourselves. It stimulates our aspirations Rouses us to action and incites us to greater work and to be inspired by their examples is to live with the best of men and to mix in the best of company. Good books live in the ear, like music that can never be forgotten. The power of all the griefs and trials of man is hidden beneath its covers. There are men whose lives are far greater than their speeches and whose personal character is far greater than their deeds. One may say too much even on the best subjects. There are men who are defective in many ways who endeavor to make amends with eloquence of a speech. Ofttimes in casting about for a man we find only clothes under these conditions; few people who have

lived with a man know what to remark about him. Shakespeare was great, but it required two hundred years after he was dead for people to recognize the fact. There have been great men who influenced the life of their time, whose reputation has been much greater with posterity than it was with their contemporaries. While books are among the best companions of old age they are often the best inspirers in youth. The first book that makes a deep impression on a young man's mind often constitutes an epoch in his life. It may fill the heart, stimulate enthusiasm, and by directing his efforts into unexpected channels, permanently influence his character. The book in which we form an intimacy with is a new friend. Whose mind is riper and wiser than our own may thus form an intimacy with a new friend, whose of a life. It may sometimes almost be regarded in the light of new birth; it's the author's hope as to so inspire an actual friendship as of a man for a man.

This country was never in such sore need of men as to-day. Most men are but the ashes in an urn. Sympathy between thought and thought is more intimate and vital than that between thought and action. Thought is linked to

thought as flame kindles into flame. Tribute to heroism is like burning incense in a marble monument. Words, ideas, feelings with the progress of time, harden into substance. Things, bodies, actions, moulder away or melt into sound; into these are not only a man's actions effaced but vanish with him. His virtues and generous qualities die with him also. His intellect only is immortal and bequeathed unimpaired to posterity. Words are the only things that last forever. Hence by repeating a Scripture quotation, that words fittingly spoken, are like apples of gold in pictures of silver. We leave the reader to ponder over the pages and read between the lines the sentiment of expression that enabled the author to entitle "Means to Ends" with permission to correct an oversight in computing the pages. We are compelled to increase the surface and diminish the pages to correspond with the reams in paper, as book-making is an arduous task, we trust our efforts will meet with your approval and be the means of causing the face of nature to blossom as the rose and to smile in prosperous abundance to the end.

Sincerely yours,

H. H. DEWEESE.

FROM BOYHOOD TO MANHOOD.

IF I were permitted to retrace my footsteps in life's journey, there would be less periods and more commas in this book; but if I were permitted to do so I could not have written this. We are all creatures of circumstances, to be pitied more than censured in our weakness and follies in vain pursuits. One's surrondings and occupation generally mould the character of the individual as much so as the longing of the happy boyhood days. With cares and great responsibilities of those who cared for us, little by little we gather up the threads of life and weave them into personal attainments of character in person; some are scarlet, some have silvery threads, some are varied, some are red, some are brown, some are as the pure gold, some are changeable, some are as the azure blue, some are dyed in deepest black, some in faded colors, it all depends upon the fabric used in the chain of life. As the very best fabrics obtainable in wearing apparel, are of linen chain and woolen filled, these are fast colors and most durable. Such goods are firm, hold their shape and never shrink; men

and women conceived in nature of such character are the models after Christ's own image. So to be right, and to do right, we must be started right. The beginning is in the home, mother is the designor of your fate. Show me a model man or woman, and I will vouch for a model mother. Wealth is not the highest attainment in the model life. Modesty and virtue outweigh both, fine silver and gold. Our model men and women rise from the more humble walks of life, and so on, all through time and eternity. As the older one grows the more difficult to teach, as the boy fathers the man, industrial training in youth is essential to model men and women. Physical development is of greater importance than mental training; if one is not physically strong, they are mentally weak, so phycial strength is first in importance. How best to acquire that is ardent toil. The farm offers the best training in youth in both mental and physical development of mind and body. In illustrating the different characters in this book it is the hope and aspiration of the writer to so impress the reader of the frivolous, ambitious nature instilled into the minds of youth to study the arts of science, and learn to make a living without toil. That is a stumbling block to catch dupes with means in order

to divert the financial calamity in ambition, it naturally absorbs aspiration, hence the title "Means to Ends." I have seen so much as seeing is believing that my earnest plea with the boys and girls is, to stick to the farm, and remember that small gains of tranquility of mind give the longest years, and most happiness.

Also aspire to excel, don't disgrace the family record with any act of yours; read good books, study nature and embrace Christianity, and your life will be as sweet and as fresh as morning dew in desert lands. The writer has experienced about all the changes in life that human nature is heir to, which leads me to the solemn fact, to be your best friend. Born in the state of Ohio, Miami county, in that beautiful, rich and fertile Miami valley, on a farm midway between towns Troy and Piqua, four miles from each; Troy being the county seat of Miami county, of good parentage and industrious. There were five girls and four boys, I being the fifth, there were two boys and two girls my seniors. I have a faint recollection of the closing of the war. As the Cincinnati, Hamilton and Dayton and Michigan railroad passed through my father's farm near the buildings. The farm comprised seventy-seven acres of sugar tree land. I can remember

of the mail on the flag staff, as the few that were not in the army gathered and raised a large flag-staff, and floated the stars and stripes to the breezes. Each day the newspapers were thrown off the train and placed in the box on the flag-staff, and at the noon hour all the neighbors would come and get their paper, so eager were they for war news. Before the close of the war my father sold the farm and bought a larger one two miles south of Piqua, Ohio, and went in debt seven thousand dollars. Two hundred and twelve acres, it bordered on the Miami river, the dwelling stood about half way between the river and the road, as pikes were few, and what was, were toll pikes. Just across the river was a large linseed oil mill which was run by water power with a large river dam for water storage, and just below that, a large distillery, with a capacity of six hundred bushels of corn per day. The Miami and Erie canal passed by them both. The oil mill was between the river and canal, with tramway built over the canal. The new farm was considerable out of repair, the land was limestone soil and very productive, and a great many surface stone was carted off; in addition, my father operated the stone quarry, which consisted of the finest blue stone on the farm. The

oil mill, the distillery, the surrounding quarries, made it a very busy place, both in summer and winter; there were hundreds of canal boats plied between Toledo, Ohio and Cincinnati. They freighted grain, lumber, stone, wood, merchandise, in fact, everything in demand.

The distillery would always pay about two cents more for corn to the farmer than the warehouse would, because they had to boat it from Piqua when the farmers did not supply the demand. There was in addition, many cattle and hogs that were fattened from the stills of the distillery. The products of the farm were in great demand right at the door. I can remember of mother sending me to the distillery with a small tin bucket to get yeast from the yeast still, then mother would take corn meal and mix it up in some way and make it into cakes and dry them in the sun. They were used in home baking. This was all indulged in by the surrounding country. The manager of the distillery never refused, it seemed all like one great family. Finally, and all of a sudden, the black inky smoke of the large smoke-stack that answered as the farmers barometer, for when the smoke rolled out and curled down to the ground, that denoted rain, but when it went straight up that denoted dry

weather, that was the signal for miles around. The cause of the fire being drawn, for it run day and night, as well as the oil mill, was that a whiskey trust had been formed and that the trust had bought this one's capacity at ten cents per bushel or sixty dollars per day, this continued until all the tubs and vats had fallen to pieces and rotted away, then it was useless; it was never started after that from that day to this. The oil mill continued until the oil trust was formed, then that was shut down. The machinery was taken out and the building rotted away. The combining of means had brought all these to the end, this crippled the canal business, and legislation for railroad interests against canals has about ruined that traffic, home consumption has been destroyed and concentrated in localities, remote from production of raw material to create traffic in transportation. It has left the distillery and oil mill emblems of "Means to Ends."

My father up to this time prospered, had paid for the farm and two others, and a bank account of eighteen hundred dollars. Money was beginning to accumulate all over the country and seeking investments, farm and household machinery were beginning to appear and indulged in by a few, sewing machines, harvesting machines, car-

riages and buggies were being sold at fabulous prices. About the first labor-saving machine my father purchased, was a Dorsey self rake reaper. Two hundred and twenty-five dollars was the price paid for it. It was, I must say, a durable one, and simplicity was the model of constructions; it was about one of the first self rake reapers in the neighborhood and did good work. My father used this about twelve years and would exchange work with my uncle and adjoining neighbor, and average from one hundred to one hundred and fifty acres each season, not mentioning the oats and flax harvest. The wheat harvest would last from ten days to two weeks, we always had five binders and two shockers, and cut from twelve to fifteen acres per day. -Once in a great while eighteen acres was harvested in one day, this was exceptional, always having change of teams every two hours, as such time as the weather would indicate; extremely hot weather oftener. It was great tactics to divide off the stations equally around a twenty acre field, so as not to have some larger than others. It was considered a disgrace to have the reaper catch you before you had your station bound out, so that there was some hustling done to prevent that.

It was my task to carry the water when a boy, and my two older brothers would combine themselves into a man, they were small, but the two would make a hand binding the sheaves. My father always allowed us wages when harvesting. For the two neighbors the price averaged two dollars per day, I received fifty cents per day as water boy. Regularly at nine o'clock in the forenoon, I would go to the house and get a lunch and a bucket of vinegar drink, the lunch would consist of raspberry pies, hot rolls buttered, and cold ham and cookies, all home-made. Five o'clock suppers, and then work till sun set.

It was only a year or two until my oldest brother thought he could go it alone, then I was paired off with my brother and we two made one hand. We dissolved, and at the age of fourteen I was making my way with the rest as a harvest hand. There was a great deal of speculation as to how I could do the work, of course I was small, but when the wheat was very heavy, the bundles were more than I could reach around, I would sometimes divide them and again I would get astraddle of them, but the secret of it was I guess, my father did not cut as wide a swath on my station as some of the rest, but I made my hand and the same number of acreage was always in shock

when the day's work was done. Then I received my two dollars per day away from home. Sometimes at the latter part of harvest the grain would get very ripe, then it was harder as the straw was harsh and brittle, which made it difficult in tieing. We always had about one and a half hours at noon and the harvest dinners that were spread would do credit to any King, they were as natural and commonplace as the fertile soil produced it. No one gorged or commented, it was simply a plain common sense country dinner and home-made. I remember one time we had finished about a two weeks harvest with the three farms at noon. As reapers were scarce, an elderly farmer adjoining had eight acres of wheat, it was very heavy and ripe; he came over, and wanted my father to cut it for him. My father told him, that the boys were all tired and did not believe they wanted any more. He told all of us, seven in all, that he would give each, one dollar and twenty-five cents for the job if we would help him out, we told father we would do it.

We started in about twelve o'clock noon, and told him to drive lively and we would keep out of the way, he did so and when the five o'clock supper bell rang we were finishing the eight acres.

We earned our money all right and our supper also.

The next improvement that struck our home was a Singer Sewing Machine, this was the straw that broke the camel's back, and cost ninety dollars. And with it came fashion plates of frills and flounces. My two elder sisters were almost young ladies,and the agent brought his city wife along in order to show and teach my sisters how to do all these fashionable things, and effect the sale. So wild was the country on fashion, that the country litreally swarmed with Singer and Wheeler and Wilson sewing machine agents. I can yet see the wagons traversing every country road, you could not look in any direction, but what you might see one or the other. Then homespun clothing began to give way to more fashionable prints and expenditures began to increase and harvest dinners decrease, because fashion and custom was sowing the seed of discontent in the ambitious nature to rival in display in the new fads and fashion, and the flocks began to bleet the last forlorn hope of exchange from basking in the sunshine, in the green fields and meadows, and hillsides to the slaughter pen and the swish swash of the old water wheel that turned the crank that operated the loom, that

converted the fleece to flannel in exchange for the wool from the carcass that enriched the soil to feed us and clothe our backs, for the chief clothing of my sisters up to this time was plaid flannels, red and black were the fast colors of these fabrics. The boys clothing was jeans, and wool was exchanged at the little country woolen mill for them all. All home-made. For summer, hickory shirts, overalls and bedticking suspenders, and a straw hat constituted the wearing apparel. We had a change, and Monday mornings they were always clean, and if any rents, they were darned. Mother clothed us, and kept up the table with chickens, butter and eggs, nine children, all the proceeds of the farm was clear. There was on the farm previous to this one twenty acres of sugar camp, we never bought any store sugar or molasses. My father cut the timber off the twenty acres, two Germans cut the wood at fifty cents a cord, and at that time cross-cut saws were not thought of. To chop every stick with an ax would to-day want for labor to perform the work. Twelve hundred cords, were taken off the twenty acres and all sugar tree wood. To fell a tree and chop with the ax, cuts four feet long, split into cord wood, would seem an endless task in this day and age. The wood

was sold to the railroad for fuel at one dollar and sixty cents per cord, as coal was not dreamed of at that time. One of those wood-burning engines would be a curiosity run over the roads to-day, as much as the Indians were when railroads invaded the western prairies. My father was a practical farmer and mother was a model housekeeper. As they had spent about twenty-five years up to this time in frugal habits of accumulating all they had, which was considerable more than any of their offspring will ever be able to do with all the improvements and socalled advantages over the meager conditions of their accumulations. Little did they dream of such reverses in so short a period. Siberia in time will be a paradise in comparison to the ambitions of this country, if nothing prevents the element of power to bring it about.

My father's next venture in the way of improvement was a corn planter. I can remember the agent who sold the planter. His name was Wright. He was hare-lipped and one could scarcely understand what he said. The price was seventy dollars, and the first we planted never came up, because the agent operated the planter, and it was the wonder of the age. The corn was planted about eight in-

ches deep, while the seed all germinated, it never came to the surface. I remember we planted sixty acres and sold it again for the price paid. So eager were farmers to have one, as only a few were made. I did most of the dropping, and farmers would hire our planter, but I had to go with it. My father charged fifteen cents per acre for the planter, and my pay was one dollar and fifty cents per day. One season I dropped two hundred acres and was very tired at last. But after a few years, almost every farmer had a planter of his own.

Large factories sprang up like mushrooms, boys left the farm to work in them, everything was booming and the country swarmed with agents and eager buyers. The acerage of cereals and expenditures increased, and the yields decreased. The increased facilities for handling products stimulated greater activity of range, which caused constant cropping that impoverished the soil until the actual expenditure exceeded the receipts. The actual results of the prosperity can never be replaced with double the gain of means and the depravity of morality and physical nature will predominate and show marked increase with each generation to the end.

The next purchase in luxury was a carriage. Carriage factories were beginning to develop at an alarming rate. Our conveyance consisted of a three-seated two horse spring wagon. It had been repainted so often, the paint seemed a quarter of an inch thick. It was generally painted in contrasting colors. The gear was yellow, striped with black with black and red tinge; the body black with red trimmings; the seats upholstered with oilcloth, and had been in use for twenty years. The city carriage maker had drove out from the town several times to effect the sale and finally succeeded. The carriage was purchased for four hundred dollars. Our farm teams were good, but the old spring wagon harness and the farm team did not correspond with the carriage, so a span of bays were purchased for four hundred dollars, and also a new set of harness. Then our clothes were not good enough and store clothes were bought, and when the outfit was complete, the eighteen hundred dollar bank account was considerably reduced and impending luxuries were being talked of. It was only a few years until there was on the farm, the carriage and four buggies. For when my sisters married, they each received from home a sew-

ing machine, cow, and household outfit. Mother always kept a large flock of geese, and kept it up until each had a feather-bed, nine in all, and when the boys were twenty-one years of age, they received a horse, buggy, harness, and one hundred dollars in money. Buggies then cost three hundred and twenty-five dollars, so the outfit was equivalent to five hundred dollars, and my sisters received about the same. Nine children amounted to quite a sum, forty-five hundred dollars. A few years afterward my father gave each of the children one thousand dollars apiece excepting myself, there was some quarreling about mine amongst my brothers and sisters, claiming I left home before I was of age and that I was not entitled to as much as those who had; so to settle the matter I received only eight hundred dollars, and the buggy I took in cash and afterward bought one for two hundred and twenty-five dollars. They sort of had me on the run because I asserted myself on some matters not congenial to the elder brothers and sisters, and it mostly originated through some boyish trades we had amongst ourselves, that worsted them somewhat. One trade in particular I mention and has caused me to laugh a great many times. My elder brother

had been in the habit of always wanting to trade with me, and then after a day or two, would back out, I always let him do the trading and when his bid suited me, I of course, would take him up. This time I fooled him. We had a man working for us that wanted to get married, and I had a pair of pantaloons he wanted for his wedding costume. He traded me his watch worth, I presume, seven or eight dollars. One day along in early spring it had rained and was very wet, I got my father's consent to go to my uncle, it was about six miles from home. I rode horse-back, no saddle, and barefooted. My hickory shirt, straw hat, and bedticking suspenders was my attire. But for Sunday dress I had used my harvest money in clothing and had quite a fine wardrobe for the Sabbath. I even went so far as to buy two fine white shirts. That was considered quite extravagant. I was considered too proud; my sisters even refused to laundry them. I guess that is what promoted the steam laundry. But I arrived at my uncle's just as they were at dinner. After we had partaken of dinner, my cousin and I went out to the barn. He had an old sorrel

mare of which he had told me about, and which had been meandering through my mind for some time. I did not tell my father of my errand, nor did he ask me, as he was a man that said but little but meant all he said. I looked the nag over and offered him the watch for the mare. He took me up so quick that I thought perhaps I had made a mistake. She was so stiff that she could scarcely move. I did not tarry long there, for I knew I had a job to get her home, and a long way to go. He gave me a halter with quite a lengthy rope to it and I started. I got home about sunset and was very tired, because the old nag pulled so hard. My mother was not pleased with my purchase, in fact she insisted that my father should make me take her off the farm as it was a disgrace. My brothers laughed at me, I did not say anything, and thought that those who laughed last laughed best. I turned her loose in the orchard. My father never said a word to me. In about six weeks I got up one Sunday morning and when I went to feed I saw a very spry little colt racing around in the orchard. The old nag limbered up and shed off sleek and fat. My eldest brother and I were plowing together and ofttimes we would sit on the plough beams and talk to rest our teams, as they were soft for

spring work, and so broke them by degrees. My brother had three large steers running on pasture, in the woods and clearing; one day he said he would trade me one of his steers for the mare and colt. I told him I did not want to trade nor did I. But in a week or so, he offered two, I refused; but I thought when you say three I am going to trade. I said nothing and sure enough he finally said he would give all three. There I parted with the mare and colt. There was a stock buyer that lived about one and a half miles from home. That evening after my team was cared for, I slipped off barefooted and ran all the way to the man's place so that I would not be gone long, and I told him I owned the three head of cattle, and that I would accept his offer, eighty dollars. He said he would look at them again in the morning. I told him where I could be found on the farm, and if all right, bring the money along, but not pay me in my brother's presence. I received the money in the morning and that afternoon my brother told me as usual, he did not want the old mare and colt. I told him he was too late that they were gone. He complained to my father. He said nothing to me but told my brother not to trade

with me, and this, that, and the other, was one of the reasons I left the farm, or rather my father thought best to deport me. Now I only write this as a moral to illustrate personal character and individuality, and to illustrate farther, factions between farmers as a class and laborers. I did none of the trading but rather discouraged it but ottimes success proves our greatest failures and failures success, but these little barterings we had together only demonstrates the strife created in traffic, it all depends upon whose ox is gored. It has almost become the opinion of the writer that it is a misfortune to be born an expert in agriculture or any other calling because of the trials in advance. Additional expenditures on the farm footed up thousands of dollars. A large bank barn was built forty-six by seventy, twenty-two foot posts from the floor to the plates; stone wall on both ends and back, and the material all off the farm, except the siding. The shingles were oak riven in the woods one year in advance, also the flooring was linn and grooved and tongue driven in after laid. The graneries were of seasoned ash, plained, plowed and grooved.

Stock sheds were built adjoining the barn on the north. Tool shed was in the basement of the barn. Cow stable, horse stable, corn crib for feed, that was filled from trap doors from the driveway in the barn floor; the wheat and oats bins the same. The heavy timbers were from the timber on the farm, hewed and scored during the winter; drawn to the place of structure during winter on sleds and framed in early spring. Mother boarded all the men and slept them. The barn was generally filled with grain, barely having space to set machine for threshing. There were two back double doors as well as front. It required two sets of machine to thresh out the barn. There was spaced off from the overjet of back of barn twenty-five feet with board fence, that kept the stock from the barn. Two large jets were built over the space from each pair of doors and when the grain was threshed these were to keep the alley way clear. The barnyard was large, with two heavy poles, or young trees were set one hundred feet or more back from the barnyard fence straight with the middle of the rear doors. In threshing, the straw was made in piles on the shoot and rope and pulleys were attached to the pole, one at the bottom and in

the beginning, up ten or twelve feet from the ground. On the end of the rope was a hickory pole, about sixteen feet long, attached to that was a smaller rope, about thirty feet long; the pole was run under the pile of straw on the shoot. The little rope was run around at the base under the pole at the end and fastened in the end of the pole with a hook in the ring in the end of the pole, that the main drive rope was fastened to, with a horse at the other end. It was always my task to ride the horse, to stack the straw. Huge straw ricks were built side by side, that stock would run to all winter. Salt would be thrown in them and the stock seemed to relish the straw; it also kept them contented, with the commodious sheds on the north, making very comfortable quarters for the stock. We generally kept eight to ten milk cows, besides a number of steers; calves were seldom sold, but converted into beef. Wheat was always mowed away and left there until it had went through the sweat and never sold from the machine, but run into the granaries and sold when the market would warrant. Sometimes, almost invariably, the market was highest. There was always one mow filled with

straw for stable use and plenty of fodder was housed for the stock. Then a new corn crib was built that would hold two thousand bushels of ear corn, with hog-pen adjoining and built from the timber on the farm. There was a large stream of running water, flowing directly through the center of the farm. Father straightened that and made a driveway along the side of that to the farm buildings, as the buildings were quite a distance from the road, on a beautiful knoll. The stream passed the house through solid rock with a natural water fall of five or six feet. I can yet hear that roar in time of flood. The dam on the river was about fifty rods from the house. There abounded all species of fish and plentiful at that, until paper mills and other improvements began to empty their refuse into the river. Then it was different; prosperity heeded no such small affairs; fish had to give way to greed and the struggle of might against right was on. These are stubborn facts that confront us with such conditions in positions as to baffle the methods in activity of such means to end, that has caused the writer to observe and meditate in thought that

The simplest deed may tell the truly brave.
The smallest skill may serve a life to save,
The smallest drop the thirsty may relieve.
The slightest look may make a heart to grieve,
Naught is so small but that it may contain
The rose of pleasure or the thorn of pain.

Very often has the writer, when a boy far from home, domiciled in some hotel or boarding house amongst strangers, with his eyes and ears open, speaking only when spoken to. Remembering one Sunday morning, in a boarding house, just after a late breakfast, there were quite a number in the sitting room; one of the gentlemen had a banjo and he played and sang the old familiar song "The Old Folks at Home." He sang it very softly and the stern faces in that crowd could easily be traced; so solemn was the tune that tears trickled down careworn cheeks; it caused me to think of home, as our dwelling house was commodious and comfortable. Ten rooms in all with large porch on east side, with grape arbor inclosing the front; large commodious cellar; as building stone was to be had at the expense of quarrying, all the steps to both passage ways to the cellar was solid masonry, inside and out. When the

farm was purchased there had been recently built a two-story addition of four large rooms and cellar. The other part was of log, and newly sided with the addition. In the log part was a large open fire-place that answered for heating purposes. In winter time the floors were carpeted with home-made rag carpets, excepting the parlor, which was the sacred room of the house, used only on special occasions; then great care was exercised as to how it was occupied. The cellar in the winter would do credit to any county fair for display, for almost every fruit and vegetable of the day was represented there in some form or another. Some in bins, some in jars, some in cans, some in barrles, onions on strings, Bell Flower, and Rambo apples, cider and vinegar, molasses, both sorghum and maple, potatoes and pumpkins, also squashes and sweet potatoes, mince meats, canned fruits, jellies and preserves, sour krout, home-made hominy, pickles, mangoes and cabbage, pickled pork, sugar-cured hams and shoulders, sausage and dried beef, milk and butter, quinces and pears, grape and currant wines, that was aged until beads would form until they would sparkle; lard by the hundred weight; the garret was filled with

herbs that hung from the rafters in bunches, sage and mint herbs of all kinds; dried apples and peaches, pears and pumpkins; they were all home-made and home-grown on the farm. We slept on feather beds, with straw ticks beneath, the bedsteads being corded; once in a great time the cords would slip from the knobs on the round side rails, which was about four inches in diameter, then we would find ourselves all in a heap. Home-made blankets, comforts and quilts would consist our covering; some of these quilts would do credit to any sleeping compartment. The blankets were all wool, no shoddy; the wardrobes were filled with all such. There were nine beds in the house and all of such material. The log part of the house was only a story and a half. One of the upstairs rooms was very low; in the summer time that room was for us boys. There generally were fifteen or twenty bags of seed corn stored there also. As each of us had a separate trunk, these with two beds, made up the furniture in that room. In the winter we occupied a larger one. My younger brother was the youngest of the family. Father and mother always slept in the sitting room, where the large fire-place was and a trundle bed was beneath theirs; at night this

was drawn out and the very small ones slept there. Each one had his or her chores to do, mornings and evenings. Evenings were always spent around the fire-place, with the huge and-irons and back logs and brick hearth. After supper we generally had a pan of apples and a pitcher of cider, but the minute the clock would strike eight all the children would retire. I don't remember of ever hearing father or mother tell us it was our bed time. It made no odds who was around, and if strangers were about, you would never hear a word from any of us; you would not have known we were there. We were taught not to speak without being spoken to and that little folks were to be seen, not heard. Four o'clock in the morning was the hour to arise and we boys were always first up. We would make the fires and light our lanterns; the feed stables were cleaned, horses groomed, all before breakfast. We generally ate breakfast about half-past five o'clock and after breakfast would water the stock and saw wood until school time; get kindling ready for evening and then walk over a mile and a half to school. We generally got in school about one week before the holidays, as our corn crops were generally large and we did the work

nearly all ourselves. Between two and three thousand bushels would be the average amount. When in school Saturdays we would go to the woods and get the summer stove wood ready and clean up the fallen timber in the woods for sugar wood; we would set it up on end, after it was split, any length would do for the furnace and by March it would be dry. Rough wood was always used for that. When sugar time came we would then bring our books home until the next winter. We generally went to school about three months in the year. Reading, writing, arithmetic and geography would about consist our studies, with spelling, five studies. We learned from McGuffey's books. We, also — the last two or three terms — had United States history. Life was too short with us for grammar or algebra. One set of books lasted the whole family, as they were handed down from one to the other. Mother would cover them with cloth to keep from soiling them. I remember on one occasion one of our neighbor farmer boys in after years attended college in the preparatory for the ministry. He and I were rivals in attention to one young lady. While I was down East he called and spent Saturday and Sunday with the folks.

They asked him what sort of a fellow I was. Well, he stated that Harry was a very nice young man, but that his education was limited. That all the education I ever received was at Peterson's school-house. That was the name of the district school. He had been to college and took that as the basis of argument against my ignorance. This was at the supper table, and in passing him the dried beef he helped himself with a fork and cut it with his knife. What he had gained in book-learning he lacked in manners. The last account I had of him, he was cutting logs for some lumber firm. It is well to remember, "that he who discredits his fellow-man also discredits himself." I will frankly say that of the nine children no one could say aught against them as long as they were under the parental roof. My sisters were all model wives and had model husbands, we all worked and could perform most any labor that anyone else could, and as much of it. We knew about as much as anyone else, and obtained it at little cost. It was generally computed that it costs about five thousand dollars to rear a child to maturity in the most common sense way. So don't never say your parents never did anything for you. You never paid

your obligations to them. Yet it has always been a strange and peculiar state of affairs that parents may rear a large family and care for them. But let the old folks come to want and invariably there is not one of the children who would care for them. This seems strange, but is true. There are exceptional cases. The ingratitude of humanity is great. One may struggle along through life and meet with many reverses but about the time one gets ready to live they are old enough to die, or the infirmities of age despoil the fruit of life's success. Most marriageable people of the present age want to begin life where the old folks left off. It is likened unto a balloon, they must come down. When my father was married seventy-five dollars was his worth in worldly goods. Thirty years of ardent toil to accumulate what he had at present. This was doing well, but just at the opportune time my father met with a serious accident. In the stone-quarry with several men employed in the quarry, they were at a close place and at the noon hour they had been working out a corner and required blasting, they had loaded one and from some cause with the fuse it failed to explode the charge of powder. My father un-

dertook to drill this out to recharge. We often did this by keeping plenty of water in the drill-hole that had been tamped with brick-dust and crushed lime-stone. The boss quarryman assisted and was drilling. My father was in a rush and asked to let him drill to spell the others. The first blow of the drill caused the premature discharge of the blast which came up into my father's face. His arms and one hand were badly lacerated, one eye ruined, and there was a cut over the pupil of the other. It was for many months that he hovered between life and death. While the laborers were pouring in water they escaped without a scratch. This almost put an end to business with father, the quarry was never operated to any extent since. My brother and I worked it some, but the earth was all hauled back and farmed over afterwards. This changed things in the old home. My two older brothers took charge of the farm on shares, which left me sort of an outcast.

My uncle and I took a county contract of building a levee, which amounted to several thousand dollars. We were to have eleven cents per yard, and the soil was scooped from the fields. We figured closely and calculated

each team would move sixty yards per day. My father went on our bonds, and this was done to give me employment more than anything else. Well we were three months on the work, and after we had settled all bills we divided forty dollars between us. We would have done better but our estimates were in jeopardy and were compelled to discount them to outsiders that generally hang around such public works and work just such schemes to get the profits. When that was done my uncle came to our house on a visit, from the state of Kansas, and my father and he made out that Kansas was a good place for a young man. I was only about sixteen years of age; so it was arranged that I was to go back with him. I did not care much to go, but I listened to my father and went. I was to meet him in Delphos, Ohio, and we were to start from there together.

I left home on Saturday and intended to stay in Delphos over Sunday with him. When I got there late Saturday eve he had gone to Ft. Wayne, Indiana, I could get no train to Ft. Wayne until Monday morning. When I got there he had left for Hutchison, Kansas. I did not know what to do; finally I went to the ticket office and inquired if anyone

had left from there to the above named town. The ticket agent stated there had and offered to sell me a ticket at the same rate thirty-two dollars was the price of the ticket. Then I asked the agent if there was any way I could catch my uncle. He stated I might wire on ahead and get him to stop off. He did this for me and I boarded the next train out over the Wabash Railroad. I was sitting in the seat, thinking of more than I would dare say, when the conductor of the train came through the coach with a telegram inquiring if there was any one by the name of Brown in the coach. He had passed me and the thought struck me that it might be from my uncle and I asked permission to read the address. I told him that was for me. The conductor wanted to know why I did not say so, I told him that my name was not Brown, but DeWeese, as the telegram directed. It plainly read DeWeese. I thought conductors never made mistakes, but I have changed my mind; they are just like all the rest of us, as liable to them as any one else. I opened the telegram and it read: Wait for you at Danville, Ill. Then I felt better. When the train rolled into the depot he and his family were there. I thought of

home a great many times and wondered why I was not permitted to stay and some of the older ones go. I never had been from home and knew but little of the world. I made the best of it, and when I left my father told me that if I bought a farm and did not have enough money he would send me some. I had about nine hundred dollars. I only took one hundred and fifty dollars with me. On the way out two smooth-looking young men got to talking to me and told me they were leaders in a Bible class in Chicago. My uncle and the conductor saw them and motioned to me to come to them. When I attempted to get out of the seat they did not want me to go, but I went. I found out that they were a couple of crooks that infested western trains at that time. That was in '79. The prairie was but little broken and comparatively wild. I saw Indians and Buffalo meat by the ton. After I was there awhile my uncle wanted to sell me his farm. Everyone there wanted to sell. Everything was booming on ahead in establishing county seats and bonding every county for all its worth to get a railroad to the county seat. It looked to me as though some one would have to pay their bonds, as the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fee Railroad

was selling them into New York as fast as issued. I wrote my father all this and finally he told me I had better come back home and run a stone-quarry. I came home and worked that summer, and then I was hired out to a groceryman at four dollars per month and board. He had been a minister of the Gospel, but when he undertook to mix stale butter with pork lard and then try to sell it for the real article, it would not work. That was taken to his home and made up in biscuits for family use. I have never had any love for biscuits since. The odor was enough for me. I only staid one month and again came home and went into the cornfield, but in a few days I had an offer from another grocery firm across from where I formerly acted in the capacity of clerk for one month. I might say my clerkship at the first named place was peculiar. The first work I did was to saw one cord of hickory cord-wood in the basement. I would, between times, pump the coal oil from the barrel to the larger tank in the grocery. I was strong for my age and could up-end a filled barrel of coal oil in the grocery without help. I kept up the fires and carried all the wood out of the cellar, as I was to receive four dollars a month and my

board. The proprietor resided about one mile from the grocery, in the suburbs, as the town was one of about four thousand inhabitants. It was my duty to deliver the groceries, take care of the horses and cattle, feed the swine, arise about five o'clock in the morning, walk over to the grocery, open up the store and wait for the proprietor and his two sons to come from home. I would then walk back and get my breakfast, do all the chores about the place and take the horse and wagon over with me. I remember the boys would get me to wait on the young ladies in the store, and when they would pass me behind the counter, pull my hair on the back of my head, as that would cause me to make a very ugly face. All this was new to me; but there was one very sensible young lady amongst them who, I noticed, was my friend. It sort of roused my ire, and finally I told them they must cease it, and that immediately, or there would be trouble in camp. They thought it was so much fun they would try it again, but they never did afterwards, because they had no desire to. One month of all this was sufficient for me. I would have rather split rails.

I had formed the acquaintance of several of the clerks in the large wholesale and retail gro-

cery across the street, and when they found I had left, the proprietor sent for me and gave me twenty dollars in cash and paid my board at a private boarding house. They could furnish the boarding house with groceries, and that is why they contracted this way. I accepted that at my father's request and hired for six months. They were to raise my wages if I suited them. They did quite a wholesale business around the country, such as small villages. I was not in the store a great while until they sent me out to solicit trade amongst these merchants. I sold by sample, and had a large two-horse platform spring-wagon, and would deliver all goods sold. I made weekly visits and would deliver last week's orders this, and solicit for the next. I visited sixteen villages, and drove about thirty miles per day. I was out five days in the week. I did all the collecting, and ofttimes would bring in five or six hundred dollars per day. Oftimes midnight would find me on the road. I would leave my orders at the store, as there were eleven clerks in the store. In the morning my orders were all out and loaded in the wagon ready for me when I came down. They furnished me a driver, and I always fed the teams and took my dinner at the little country taverns. I never aimed to

allow any of my bills to lapse. Sometimes I would have some customers owing seventy-five to one hundred dollars. The firm generally allowed me to have my way, and never refused to fill all my orders; but some of them were very risky to carry. I remember one bitter cold Saturday afternoon the proprietor called me to the desk and told me he wanted me to go to the livery stable, get a horse and buggy and go see a customer of mine nine miles distant, (as Saturdays I always remained in the store,) as he had heard some one was going to close him up, and the customer owed the firm about eighty dollars. The livery man gave me a very spirited horse, as I had driven the horse before. We always called him "Black Pat." I had plenty of robes, and I left the store about four o'clock. It was then spitting snow and growing dark. There was a stiff north-west wind that I had to face the whole way out. The last words the proprietor said were, "Don't come back without the money." Well, I was not so sure of that, as Wednesday was my day to call on this customer, and me coming out Saturday was what dumbfounded me all the way out; how to get round the irregular call without exciting any grave suspicion. So busy was I engaged in

thought as to how best to manipulate affairs and get the money, as that was my errand and the firm generally relied on me to accomplish that which they desired; and before I could realize, I was in the little village. Lamps were all glaring through frosted panes of glass, and my steed seemed to enjoy the crisp air. I blanketed him and stepped to the door of my customer. I will not repeat my conversation. It was short but to the point. He counted his cash and had only fifty-five dollars. I got him to borrow twenty-five dollars of his neighbor. I receipted his bill, thanked him, and then retraced my journey. I felt sorry for my customer, he was old and honest, but within three days they closed him up. I was back and in the store in two hours and a half. The proprietor was surprised and wanted to know why I did not go. I told him with the roll of bills. He could not believe that I had been there and back so soon. The strain on myself was greater than one would anticipate. The demand was made on me to get the money, as I had made the bill. I did not wish to lose it. I was kind and fair with my customer, but I won his ways and got the money. I had many such experiences. I remained with this firm six months and at the end they offered to raise

my wages five dollars per month. I wanted ten. They told me at the end of six months they would raise me again. Well, I knew what was what, and severed my connection with the firm. I did not like the business in the first place, and secondly, I knew I was worth that much to them and a great deal more. Still I was young, but I did not think that made any difference. I was a little sore also, because I did not want to leave the farm. So I went to Cincinnati, Ohio. I could not get what I wanted there. As I was sauntering up Walnut street I saw the city railway ticket office. I went in and inquired the fare to New York. They told me eighteen dollars. I had just forty dollars in my pocket. I bought one and left Cincinnati at ten o'clock Saturday morning for New York City. I arrived in New York Monday morning at seven o'clock. I supposed New York was different from any other city, but when I alighted from the train in Jersey City I saw a large cab standing there. It was painted red, with gilt letters on the side that I spelled out, Earl's Hotel. I climbed in that and thought that would take me somewhere. I did not want anyone to know I was green if I could help it. Perhaps I looked it. Well, pretty

soon the driver mounted the seat and drove the team, cab and all, on the ferry-boat. I thought that strange, but I thought if he could endure it I could, and kept my place. We crossed the Hudson river in this manner, and the driver drove off and drove for quite a distance and landed me at Earl's Hotel, corner Canal and Center streets, just off Broadway. I registered. They asked me if I had been to breakfast. I said no. I went in the dining-room nad on the bill of fare I saw fried oysters. Well, I was fond of them. I told the waiter I wanted breakfast, as the names on the menue was of such outlandish words I left it all to him, just so I got fried oysters. Well, I was not there a great while until fried oysters began to get wooley. The waiter gave me a good breakfast, then I felt better, for I was very tired. I did not know a soul, and did not know just what I would do or where I was. I knew I was amongst strangers, and made up my mind I would not say much to anyone. Well, I got my breakfast. I went out in front of the hotel and thought awhile. I looked up the street and saw a coupe coming my way. I went out on the curb and hailed him. He came up. I soon made a bargain with him and stepped in. The first

call he made I got out, but cautioned him not to leave. That I might have known, for I had not paid him. He said he would wait, and I saw him smile. I felt a little uneasy, for I had read of so much in New York City, as well as other cities. I soon came out and directed him to drive me down on Chambers street. I was there some time. I called at the office door and asked for the proprietor. He came forward and addressed me by saying, "Well, sir, what is it?" My answer was I wanted work. "Why, young man, we turn away hundreds every day that are seeking employment." Well, I insisted on work. He asked me what I knew. I frankly told him I did not know a great deal, but was willing to learn. I was rather surprised when I was asked if I had a college diploma in my pocket. I told him I was sorry to say I had not. The shrewd business man looked at me a full minute and kindly remarked that that was no fault. He then told me to come in. I was taken into a private office and introduced to his partner, who conversed with me for more than one hour. If that interview could be reproduced it would make interesting reading. I was told to come back the next morning at nine o'clock sharp, and was excused. My cabman was still waiting for me

on the outside. He drove me back to the hotel and only charged me one dollar. That was very reasonable, considering the time that was consumed. I never was duped but once by a hackman, and that was in Toledo, Ohio, several years ago, on my first trip out of New York. I arrived in Toledo about eleven o'clock P. M. As the trains there at that time all terminated at the old Island Depot, and I was not acquainted, and the night being a dark, gloomy one, I took a cab and directed the driver to the Burnette House, which was just at the crossing of the draw-bridge, not more than one square or such a matter. I noticed after crossing the bridge the Burnette House, but instead of allowing me to alight, the cabman turned up Summit street and drove me around one block and back to the hotel named. I saw the trick and told him as I was tired of travel, I would much rather he had allowed me to alight at crossing the bridge. He saw I was a stranger else I would not have taken the cab. I paid fifty cents for that. I was penny wise and pound foolish. It only put me on my guard ever after. I also learned from my New York interview with the proprietor that for all education over and above a common sense knowledge was ruinous. That is why I con-

demn the methods pursued by the majority of Young America. It has cost me a great many hard knocks to experience all this. The knowledge gained from coming in contact with the world is of more value than all college education. Too much book-learning deadens the intellectual embodiment of the attainments of knowledge. But after you have spent the better part of life in book-learning, you have also formed such habits that are distasteful to the average business man. You are determined to begin where others left oft in business pusuits. But the next morning found me at an old feed store across the street from the place down on Chambers street, where I had been directed to call at nine o'clock sharp. I kept my watch in hand, and at the appointed time I was there, and upon entering, was informed that they had concluded to try me. Elated over that, I was put to work in my preparatory for the road. I was also informed I would have to deposit forty dollars with them as security for the samples that were intrusted to my care on the road; and after they saw I was all right, the money was to be refunded. Three weeks after I was out I received a check for the forty dollars, and after that I was allowed a set of new samples once a month,

as the handling of them in that length of time soiled them. I carried forty-two brands of cigars, as well as other samples. While in New York my finances were not sufficient, as on my arrival there I had only eighteen dollars, and my board was eighteen dollars per week. Having arrived on Monday morning, my week was due Sunday. I went to the proprietor and told him that I had sent home for money, and it might not reach me by that time. Well, that only made matters of a more serious nature. He wanted to know all about my business. I told him, and while I was telling him, another was telegraphing the house to verify my statements. I did not know this at the time, but as I had told the proprietor my situation, he told me when I went down to the house there, the proprietor of the hotel wanted me to pawn my watch, as I carried a gold one. I would not do that, for I was acting in good faith, and nothing was yet really due by contract for board. But Saturday came and no mail from home. I had left money at home, and did not really see why I did not receive it, as my father told me whenever I needed the money, he would send it to me, as to have so much money on my person was not the best. In the meantime I had formed the acquaintance

of a very nice young man who was stopping at the hotel. He was then having his eyes treated and could scarcely see. I was of a great deal of assistance to him, and had told him of my situation. Saturday noon came. No mail. After lunch I told my friend I was going to wire home, as perhaps my letter was delayed somewhere. So we walked up Broadway to the Western Union telegraph office. I wrote my message and passed it in at the receiving clerk's window. He read it, and informed me that I would have to deposit five dollars for the assurance that the charges would be paid on the receiving end of the line. Well, I only had two dollars, and I was in a fix. I told him it would be paid, and insisted that charges follow, as the message would have to be delivered in the country. One could not tell what the charges really would be. The message alone would only have been fifty cents. The clerk told me that by depositing the five dollars, if paid by the receiver, they would refund the money. My friend put up the five, and the message went forward. We then walked back to the hotel, and when we entered the office, the clerk handed me the looked-for letter. On opening it, a draft for two hundred dollars was enclosed on the Manhattan

Bank of New York, with inclosed printed slip that read mince meat in printed form, and a letter from the cashier of the bank who had drawn the draft. He told me to present the slip to the cashier of the Manhattan Bank and that would identify me as the proper person to pay the money to. The proprietor of the hotel cashed the draft for me, less my week's board, and informed me that I could remain at the hotel as long as I cared to. But I felt different about it than he did. That was quite an ordeal for me, and only a boy at that. My friend and I then went back to the telegraph office and my five dollars were returned, as my father paid the charges. I abided about one month after in New York, and left on my first trip as a drummer on the road. I had still a few hay-seeds in my hair, and the furnishing of toilet articles in some of the hotel wash-rooms were not of much avail in riddance, as ofttimes you could not tell if you were applying the bristle of the hair-brush, or the back. What few bristles there were left looked so lonesome and weak they could not stand erect, and the menu if some were arranged in all the artistic style of type and skill the printer could bring to bear to have the meals seem inviting; in fact, so much so that manners forbid wanting more. The

outlandish names of some of the pastry and hold-overs would put Webster's Dictionary to shame. After the guests would get next, they would change them, but they were practically the same thing. Ofttimes the waiters would start to fan you; that meant produce, or cough up, as the slang phrase would be used with the boys, or in other words, one of the hotels where the waiter depended more on the guests for his salary than on the house. Where meals were served according to the amount of tips, many waiters in New York depended entirely on tips for their services in the leading restaurants and cafes. If you were a liberal patron at the bar, the best rooms were always reserved. If you did not patronize the best hotels, the trade thought you cheap. Customers would think it a great honor to dine with you at the leading hotels, or an invitation to occupy a box seat in the most fashionable down-town theatre, cost you perhaps two or three dollars per, and then charge the customer five or ten more on a bargain sale, and think what a good time you had. As every man has a weak spot, it always demanded considerable strategy in some cases to locate it. Some were internally some externally by the time you had canvassed the city and passed through the trying ordeal.

Gilmore's famous band had no attractions, as fashionable hotels served six o'clock dinners the weary day, it destroyed the appetite. You would mail your orders, inquire the departure of the west-bound night train of the clerk for the next point on your route, that would land you, perhaps, at the break of day the next morning in time for breakfast that you could call the turn of the bill of fare, receive your mail urging increased sales and less expenditures.

Don't mention drummers to me, I have been there and write this for the benefit of those whose aspirations are so inclined, but of all the ups and downs on the road, I never drank, gambled, or in any way discredited myself; worked early and late, weary and worn, as the trials spoiled all the pleasures. About the most trying experience I ever encountered in my travels was on my return trip from Kansas the first time, as I was there again in a few years afterwards.

My first trouble arose over the purchase of a return ticket from Hutchinson, Reno Co., Kansas. There arrived there a gentleman from Chicago, as I was about ready to return; the regular fare was sixty dollars; he offered his for

forty, and guaranteed the passage on the ticket. As I was a little doubtful as to its genuineness, but my uncle knew the man and they told me if it was rejected to return it and he would refund the money. I could have bought a regular ticket from Hutchinson to Piqua for forty-two dollars, as one could get west much easier than east. They knew if they could get you out there on reduced rates they would catch you on both going and coming. But I took the Chicago route; for I was figuring close, for all the money on my person consisted of five ten dollar bills and two fives; sixty dollars in all, and if the ticket was rejected I was in a position to be laid up for better days. Ever since the two well-dressed and fine appearing gentlemen tried to palm themselves off for leaders in the Chicago bible-class, I was a little suspicious of strangers. The two who claimed to be christians reminded me of many more whom I have chanced to meet. Boys who were reared in all the luxuries of life, who never labored, and boasted that they never would, it makes but little difference if a thief or a gentleman, they are dangerous elements in any community. Well, I took the three o'clock morning train over the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Rail-

road, at that time the road only extended to Dodge City, Kansas, which was the great terminus of cattle-shipping for the southwestern range, as there were only two passenger trains daily, we could not well take day-trains. The morning was a dark, gloomy one, I had my trunk checked to Chicago, via Atchison, Kansas, over the Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific Railroad. I seated myself in the railway coach and the train pulled out, the conductor came along presently, I handed him my ticket, he held the ticket close to his lantern, one of those nickle-plated ones that swung from his arm by the handle, with globe of half-shaded green as a sort of a reflector, I could not get full glimpse of his face, but I realized he was planning something desperate. He sized me up and saw that I was a tender-foot and went after me. He asked me where I got the ticket. But in the meantime he had separated a small coupon about half-inch in width from the ticket and put that in his coat pocket. I told him I bought it. He questioned me as to where, I told him Hutchison. I told the truth right through. Finally he stated that these tickets were not transferable and then he said my fare would be ten dollars to the end of his division, but I told him

the ticket was guaranteed to me, and that I wanted the balance of my ticket, that he refused to give up. Well, I told him I would not pay until he did, I was beginning to think perhaps he belonged also to the Chicago bible-class. Argument was of no avail, he had stopped the train. I told him my trunk was in the baggage car. Well he said he would put that that off to, so I was compelled to pay the ten dollars and part of my ticket in his possession. Then my finances only consisted of two five dollar bills and a long way from home, not so much that as conditions. There was one man who came to me in the car and offered to befriend me, and asked me to allow him to examine my ticket.

Well I scrutinized him also, but he assured me that he was all right. We were then nearing Atchison, Kansas, where we were to change cars. He told me to let him have the ticket when we got off the train, and as he knew the Chicago conductor and he would ask him if the ticket was good over their road. He told me to remain in the baggage-room, and he would return in a few minutes. I was yet a little skeptical, but I was almost assured he was my friend. It was only a few minutes until he returned and

informed me the ticket was all right, and if not, for the ticket being a continuous passage, he would have me stay over and then we would get the ten dollars back. But it was either proceed or lose forty dollars to get ten. We proceeded across the state of Iowa, crossed the Mississippi River at Davenport, or Rock Island to Chicago, I had been on the train two days. Arriving in Chicago about seven o'clock in the evening, stopping at the Atlantic Hotel just across the street from the depot, the hotel was crowded; having registered and cleaned myself up from travel, I came to the office ready for supper, the clerk came to me and asked me if I would care to double-up with room. Well I sort of hesitated, for I had had so much experience with "doubles" that I wished to be left alone. He introduced me to my room-mate, if I chose. He was a man I should judge to be about 60 years of age, one of those common old fellows; clear expression and I judged him to be a stockman, which afterwards I learned was correct. We dined together and were soon on good terms. He seemed to take quite a liking to me. Telling him of my trials coming in he took a good laugh and told me those were good lessons and that I had gained more than lost.

Then I began to take a different view of matters, and agreed with him. We talked all evening and retired early; he told me all about his cattle and where he lived in Illinois, and that he had no children in his family and wanted me to go home with him. I often wish I had gone. But boy-like, I had no sense in regard to the future. In retiring he placed a large pocket-book and one of those bulldog revolvers under his pillow. He told me he was not afraid of me, but of others. I told him he might get to dreaming that really someone was in the room, and shoot me. He laughed heartily at almost everything I said. I was in earnest. He said he would not shoot me. I was tired and was soon sound asleep, and never woke until he woke me, and we were up bright and early. He was one of the hustlers. He still insisted that I should go home with him, but thinking of my cash account I refused, but if that conductor had not took my ten no doubt I would, not wishing to tell him that I had but little money. All my thoughts were compressed upon how I was going to move, for after breakfast when I paid my bill four dollars and seventy-five cents was all there was left; I could not get from Chicago to Piqua on that. So thinking of an uncle down

at Goshen, Indiana, and requiring the fare, I found I could reach there and have two dollars left. I went out to Englewood, South Chicago, where I took the evening train for Goshen, Indiana, arriving there about two o'clock in the morning, going to the Violet House, as my uncle lived in the country. Lodging and breakfast was one dollar, then my cash balance consisted of one lone dollar. This was Sunday morning, in the Spring of the year, the roads were almost impassable; going to a livery barn and inquiring how far out my uncle lived I found it was seven miles. He wanted two dollars to drive me out, but stating his son lived about half way would drive me there for one dollar. Accepting that as the roads were heavy, we did not arrive there until noon. There was a country school-house just across the road from where my cousin lived, there was singing-school there Sunday evening that I attended. The first gathering I had been at since leaving home. It seemed sort of strange as the contrast from Kansas to Ohio was as different as night is to day. I went to my uncle's after singing was over as they were there. The next day I borrowed my uncle's horse and buggy and two dollars and drove to Goshen, and drew on

my account at home for twenty-five dollars. I remained with my uncle for about one week and returned home. The first work I did was to saw eight cords of wood for the school-house at one dollar per cord. Under the circumstance of which I was sent west, home seemed like a stranger to me. It sort of left a sad forlorn hope to think of, because I succeeded a little better than others of my own efforts.

In writing this my purpose is that every act of anyone is not without some purpose as to illustrate and portray striving humanity, which is the prime factor and cause of labor unions and many other detrimental organizations as no two persons are generally constituted alike, one may be more apt than the other. Aptness must suffer because of the other. Experience is of no avail in coping against ignorance. But when law steps in and equalizes the two then knowledge suffers because of the other. It's justlike the hitch on the road-wagon, the finest and strongest horse you use the stay-chain, the other represents all the meaning implies, but for capacity and strength, as well as endurance, there is no compromise. So with everything. We select men to office who have about as much

legislative common sense as a horse, but to hear them tell it is different.

It's the effect that talks until grievances are pigeon-holed only awaiting the opportunity to vent them, so much so that it has destroyed justice in law until mob-law has over-shadowed the better element in vengeance against statutory proceedings in bartering away the wise policy for the honors in pursuit in the closing remarks, from boyhood to manhood, the writer wishes to impress upon the minds of the youths that industry, economy and character will out-weigh all the college diplomas that were ever produced. Learn the value of time and money, and that a sound, physical body is to be more cherished and preserved than wealth, that obedience is the father of the boy, and that respect of parents denotes manly character and discipline in training, choose good company and read good books. Earn a little and spend a little less; keep regular habits, respect yourself, and others will respect you; be your plain self. All these will clear up your mind that you may see things as they really are and be the means of food for thought to the end.

A HEEDING SOLICITUDE.

A HEEDING solicitude of past and future events that are commendable, and the results of over-confidence in men of position, in public trust, it is well to memorize the details and profit by the experience of others; as one day of results is of more value than a lifetime spent in idle talk and the result of the high standard of equality and rich store of knowledge gained therefrom, as knowledge is the handmaid of liberty and virtue. For of all the dispositions and habits which lead to political prosperity, religion and morality are indispensable supports. In vain would that man claim the tribute of patriotism who should labor to subvert these great pillars of human happiness, these firmest props of the duties of men and citizen. The mere politician, equally with the pious man, ought to respect and cherish them. A volume could not trail all the connections with private and public felicity. Let it simqly be asked, where is the security for prosperity, for reputation, for life, if the sense of religious obligations desert the

oaths which are the instruments of investigation in courts of justice? And let us with caution indulge the supposition that morality can be maintined without religion. Whatever may be conceded to the influence of refined education on minds of peculiar structure, reason and experience doth forbid us to expect that natural morality can prevail to the exclusion of religious principles. 'Tis substantially true that virtue or morality is a necessary spring of popular government. The rule indeed extends with more or less force to every species of free government. Who that is a sincere friend to it can look with indifference upon attempts to shake the foundation of the fabric? Six years ago I was sent to the state of Michigan by the chairman of national speakers bureau in the presidential campaign to deliver a few addresses in the interest of popular government. Not being constrained as to the character of speech or the topics to be touched upon I felt at liberty to speak my mind and truth to the best of my knowledge and personal observation and experience and ability regardless of political ties and party issues and without discrimination in divulging the calamities that befel nations of equal importance as our own; that the signs of the times denoted and pictured

in my mind vivid reflections upon the horizon, that we too are subjecting ourselves in like pursuits. Not wishing to mingle politics with business or array one class against another. But being forwarned is forearmed. Feeling confident that after the reader has given this book a careful perusal and compare with your personal experience, you will be of the same mind as the author, and a wiser man in the conception of duty in maintaining free government and reclaiming personal liberty and independence of a government of the people and by the people. Political influence of personal character is rapidly deterrogating all will admit, and has such tendency of influence upon character as to exclude reputable personage from political influence. Honor shrinks from the tirades of the public press and quietly submits to the corruptable tactics of the political boss or machine element and shudders at the horrors that would arise from woman suffrage and silently endures it all as a matter of business in retaining his customers. Business is very reticent and timid of expression on matters of state. From such causes it's a difficult matter to feel the public pulse. So by all means spare the woman from the ballot. The writer's opinion of woman suffrage in admission

to the free use of the ballot is not without mention. As the most successful method in the cause advanced of taxataion without representation of properties attained by right of inheritance subjected to the maintenance of free government in taxation by right of possession where political corruption does not admit of honest discussion of masculine gender. It would have even a greater tendency of degrading influence on the morals and virtues which are the very rock and foundation of civil government. To admit feminine gender would only have the tendency to diminish the strength of the cause, as possessions acquired by ballot are obtained by schemes and means that are generally destructive in the end. The means employed in political arenas are even distasteful to the average voter of intelligence and refinement. The greater reforms are generally consummated in happy and contented homes, homes that men would lay off their coats and bare their arms to defend in sacred honor. This was the spirit of revolutionary fame. The attainable rights of woman suffrage is to learn the arts and sciences in happy home building. This is her sphere and forte and greater accomplishments will arise from the efforts in this direction than the ballot. If women would only cultivate

individuality and aspire to that which creation intended, men's inspiration for better governmentwould soon assert itself in such a form as to determine such government as the acts of the governed would dictate. This would indicat the most natural and impressive solution of woman suffrage. As oftimes attainments acquired by ballot are settled at the point of the bayonet. As the following address delivered at Bushnell, Montcalm county, Michigan, was somwhat out of the ordinary and most too deep a subject for the audience. At Montcalm county, one of the largest counties in the state of Michigan, not densely populated, there was some discriminating circumstances connected with the meeting that had their unpleasant bearings and was embarrassing even to myself as the speaker. As I had traveled more than two hundred and fifty miles that day, and railway connections delayed travel to such an extent as to somewhat discourage the committee in charge, of my timely arrival which was not without precedence of substituting. In case of my absence the candidate for prosecuting attorney was chosen as alternate. But I arrived at the appointed hour and insisted upon giving way to my alternate but that was refused. I also learned that this candidate was

embittered somewhat at my presence. Of course he was a lawyer and in politics for all that there was in it. The speaker, a citizen in the sole honor to enlighten my fellow man to the best of my ability to the greatest good and greatest number . Having posed all my life as a public benefactor feeling more at home in my vocation of instead where one spear of grass grew we now have two. It was not my intention to enter politics when I accepted to deliver the address. No far from it. It was experience and information that prompted me. I got both and formed the conclusion that the office did not seek the man, but the man the office. And that the most capable men that would do credit to the office are never heard from. I have also learned to never judge a man by his position by appointment. I was driven about 9 miles in the country and the meeting was held in a grange hall; every representative of office in the county was there, from the least to the greatest. They arrayed themselves on a long bench just in front of the speaker's stand while the band played national airs, and all eyes were upon me. After the music, the chairman made a few remarks and introduced me as the speaker from Dayton, Ohio. Well, to be honest with you, those fellows on the

bench annoyed me, because the gentleman that had driven me out told me, the feeling of my invasions and presence in their midst of honors that they coveted. I have learned prejudice and jealousy deprive our offices of our best men. The address is complete, excepting the omission of the real characters, and trust will bethe means of closer relations regardless of party ties, in establishing the fudamental principles of government and the administering of affairs of such character and simplicity, meekness and patriotic spirit, as to strengthen the weak, and humiliate the strong, with such means and measures as will foster brighter and nobler ends in such days when dark and gloomy clouds hover over us. Let us offer words of encouragement as words fittingly spoken are like apples of gold in pictures of silver.

By many a presidential campaign is thought to be a nuisance and a hindrance to business, not rightly divining the duties, privileges and responsibilities of a government of the people, for the people, by the people. It is the indifference of the busy voters to politics which substitutes the chief danger by which the republic is threatened. Most Americans carry on their shoulders an awful load of work and

worry. But it will be a dark day for America when its citizens cease to maintain the freedom for which their fathers fought and died. No man ought to be so busy that he cannot find time to develop some of the graces of his nature. The culture of the intellct is of as much importance as the development of a vast business enterprise. Religion has claims upon busy people which cannot be shirked hereafter, if they can be here. In like manner the cultivation of patriotism and attention to one's own duty as a follower of Caesar is something which it is a crime to disregard. The farmer of New England did not think politics a nuisance when they were shooting English red-coats from Lexington to Concord Bridge. Neither did the southern planter think so about the time their great grand leader was driving Cornwallis into close quarters at Yorktown. It ought to bring the blood to the face of every American to disclose politics a nuisance.

Tyranny always begins in the indifference of the people to the acts and personnel of the governing power. Let us alone, has been the cry of decaying states since Babylon fell. Busy people are the people of every nation on the

earth, and the indifference of voluntary alienism of any considerable number of them bodes no good to the country now or in the future. History shows that republics are endangered when patriotism gives place to personal preferment. The experience of a government of the people, by the people, for the people, has been tried a good many times. Thus far it has always failed when the people began to grow indifferent and to trust state affairs to political manipulators. Has that point been reached in American politics? The question is the most important one which can be propounded. It is also one to be reflected upon by thinking men, and one to be enacted upon before the republic topples over into the ruin which came upon the Italian republic, upon Rome, and upon the early Grecian states. Nothing can be more disgusting than the selfish and presumptuous schemes foisted upon the recent nominating convention to win delegates from the plain course marked out by the will of the people. They show that grave senators, trusted public officials, are capable of any depth of infamy to accomplish their personal ends. To sacrifice party, to barter away a wise party of government and to disobey the behests of the people, who have made them

what they are, is not thought venial by those who vested them with power to do so. How to uplift politics from the perilous brink of the abyss is one of the chief problems of our day. The evil will never cure itself and it will never be cured until selfishness and greed give place to the vigorous assertions of the honest and patriotic sentiment of the people. The American citizen has faith in the power of public opinion and the searchlight of honest inquiry need to be turned upon the dark and sinuous ways of the politician when found to be the barterer of his country's liberties; he needs to be treated as the betrayer and the traitor and his political decapitation will usher in the light of a new day in national, state and county or municipal affairs therefore. When in the course of human events it becomes necessary for our people to dissolve the political bands which have connected them with another and to assume among the powers of the nation the separate and equal station to which the laws of nature and of nature's God entitled them, a decent respect to the opinions of mankind, requires that they should disclose the causes which impel them to separation. We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal and that

they are endowed by their Creator with inherent and inalienable rights. That among those are liberty and the pursuit of happiness. That to secure these rights governments are instituted among men deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed. That whenever any form of government becomes destructive to these ends it is the right of the people to order or abolish and to institnte new government, laying its foudation on such principles and organizing its powers in such form as to them shall seem most likely to effect their safety and happiness. Prudence indeed will dictate that this government is for the people and by the people, and not for establishing laws that leave the comon people exposed to all dangers of invasions from without and convulsions within, or establishing new offices with swarms of new officers to harass the common people and eat out their substance. Law is like prussic acid, "a dangerous remedy and the smallest dose is generally sufficient." It has excited treasonable insurrection of our fellow-citizens with the allurements of forfeiture and confiscation of our prosperity. It has waged cruel war against human nature, and that these horrors might want no fact of distinguished die in the event of

the election of the presidency of the United States. Future ages will scarcely believe that the tardiness of one party adventured within the short compass of four years, only to lay a foundation so broad and so undisguised for tyranny over a people fostered and fixed in principle of freedom as party. These facts have given the last stab to agonizing affection and manly spirit, bids renounce their attitude toward their distrustful scheme for private advantage. We hold them as we hold the rest of mankind, enemies in strife against falsehood in peace, friends, to prove this let facts be submitted to a candid people, for the truth of which we pledge a faith the road to happiness and to glory is open to us to elect a president of these United States, contract alliances, establish confidence, restore protection and prosperity and do all other acts and things which independent people may of right do and for the support of their declaration we mutually pledge to each other our lives, our fortunes and our sacred honor. As this is a campaign of education let us disclose the causes that have revealed the effects. There are many of them. As my time is limited I shall touch upon the most vital. No intelligent man who has had opportunities for observation

can doubt that the agricultural problem is the most vital in American politics to-day, though it has been thrust aside by issues that are at most only emissisaries and unparalleled. The country has had profound peace for thirty years; there has been no famine; in fact this period has been one of wonderful productiveness; yet every year the farmers as a class have become poorer; every year it has been found more difficult for them to meet their obligations. The farmer goes in debt for the things necessary to raise a crop and when the day of settlement arrives the price of farm products has gone down and relatively money is plenty. The statement is frequently heard that the farmer is not progressive, that he should buy more machinery and fertilizers, and curtail living expenses. It is not worth while to enter into a discussion relative to such statements; in part they are true; as a rule they are false. The American farmer is progressive, he is intelligent, he is frugal; he is a hard worker and the pinched and careworn face of his wife shows that she bears her burden. They are a brave and hopeful couple, but they are beginning to despair, and when they do, the institutions of our republic will topple down upon us as a mass of shapeless ruins. Bacon

says, "let nations that aim at greatness take heed how their nobility and gentlemen do multiply too fast, for that maketh the common subject grow to be a peasant and a base swine driven out of heart and in effect a gentleman's laborer." Again he says, "neither will it be that a people overlaid with taxes should ever become valiant and martial" and he draws the conclusion that no people overcharged with tribute is fit for empire. The materialistic reasoners of the present day decry the lessons of history. They point to the wonderful progress of this country and say a new era has dawned. Let our children study the practical arts and science taught in our technical schools and learn to make a living. Again we have a grain of truth mixed with much sophistry. We are departing from the profound methods of our ancestors, and nations, like men, are slow to profit by the experience of others. It is not necessary to insist upon the importance of the farming of the country, or to point out the effect that the farmer's prosperity or decay has upon all other callings and upon the moral, social and intelligent development of the country. Draper shows how the first awakening of mind took place in those countries when the farming classes were

most prosperous and were able to make a living with the least amount of drudgery. Egypt in the Old World and Peru and Mexico in the New furnish examples. Even a loose reader of history will be struck with the elasticity and energy the husbandman has shown since we have authentic accounts of human events. Whenever the land has been relieved of its burdens, whenever the farmer has been made to bear either directly or indirectly only his just proportion of the load of taxation. So short a time has he gathered his strength and made the face of nature to blossom as the rose and to smile in prosperous abundance. Witness France, when Napoleon had a breathing spell from his wars. Witness Spain after the Moorish conquest. The history of any country will bear similar testimony. The rule has been that young countries are prosperous before wealth flows into great reservoirs and power and expenditures increase until agriculture is oppressed. Then decay begins; all sorts of nostrums are proposed, but the malady is deadly unless the knife is applied to the cancerous root. Some eighteen hundred years ago Plutarch wrote: "It was well and truly said that the first destroyer of the liberties of a people is he who

first gives them bounties and largesses." He was a great student of history and at this time saw Rome, at the pinnacle of her glory, start slowly on her descent to the depths of degradation. Great minds were at work in Rome, some trying honestly to solve mighty political problems; others were demagogues on the grandest scale the world has seen. Attempting to secure power and wealth by pandering to the tumultuous crowds. Wheat was being distributed free to the populace to keep them quiet; shows were being displayed to please them; the emperor and two thousand rich patricians owned the whole world. Of the 110,000,000 Roman subjects 60,000,000 were literally slaves. Agriculture had reached or was fast approaching its lowest ebb. It was being claimed that the soil of Italy was worn out past redemption, and learned treatises were being written on this subject. Calumets felt called upon to controvert a theory that both the air and land has lost their fertilizing qualities. Cicero, Cato, Varro, and many other eminent Romans wrote on this subject and attempted to revive interest in agriculture, which was no longer profitable and consequently neglected. A few years previous, Marius had ordered a reallotment of land to ap-

pease the popular clamor and had given sixteen acres to each individual, yet there was no relief. Five hundred years later Theoderic the Ostrogoth overran Italy, struck the shackles of law from the hands of the farmers and a period of great prosperity followed. So great was it that a purse was safe upon the public highway and Italy is to-day one of the fertile countries of the world. Rome also tried her hand on fiat money and made a failure. In the declining days of the empire it was thought that more abundant circulating medium was the thing most needful; consequently coins were debased by a copper alloy, until little of the original metal was left; it had the Roman stamp upon it, and was money, but it did not remedy the evil. It is interesting to recall in this connection the estimate of Herodotus that in the reign of Darius, King of Persia, some twenty-four hundred years ago gold was worth thirteen times more than silver, also that in the year 1700 gold was worth about fifteen times more than silver. Of late years the production of silver has been so enormous that now one ounce of gold is worth about thirty ounces of silver.

When it is remembered that nearly one-half of what the American farmer makes, "for the

average farmer makes no more than a living," is consumed in taxes, direct or indirect, is it not wonderful that he is in distress; it is strange that he is willing to try almost anything that promises relief. Is it not rather almost beyond belief that he has suffered in patience so long; therefore we find it necessary to point out the remedy to the 7,000,000 farmers, irrespective of party, as in times of peril there exists no party ties, one-half of the world does not know how the other half lives; or does on-half of the world know what the other half is doing. It may be well to be skeptical, but truth is truth and it is time the people of this country knew a little more of it, and let it thus be the means of doing away with a prejudice that is largely founded on traditional sentiment, fortified by ignorance.

The time is fast approaching when more than one-half of the now existing financial securitieswill become worthless as the principals involved are fictitious. Invisable means are employed to sustain them on future values that can never materialize from the simple fact that they do not exist; but are fluctuated by means accruing from the same source until the financial principals can only sustain that which is real. These are problems that will eventually

solve themselves at the expense of the means to ends. Then 'tis when reflection will reveal to those with means, their destructive end; then industry and aspiration will gather up the fragments and have a breathing spell for a decade, until ambition and wealth will again triumph in might against right. There are a thousand and one theories expounded by creative ambitious natures to exact tribute and power from the governed, such as truant officers, humane societies, charitable institutions, and thousands of others that practically were the despoiler of homes and the destroyer of youth. Our children were not slow in comprehending the meaning and influence derived from all these. Parents lost the control of their children; women busied themselves in the affairs of state when their services were much in need in their own homes, instead of servants; men sought companionship in club houses, saloons, and pulic resorts, because home was not cherished in the anticipated efforts in establishing the home as a seclusion and rest from business cares to maintain it. Men are very sensitive, society is frivolous, and the very moment society crosses your threshold your home ceases to be a home in the sense of harmony, that men strive to support as a peace-

ful abode. The embitterments of fashion and custom has left skeletons in the closets of many palatial homes that causes the writer to repeat the old maxim: "What is home without a mother?" While yet in my teens, I ofttimes called on a lady friend; I admired her, not for her beauty, but for her lady-like manners and personal qualifications. This friend married and people rather sneered at her choice; the fellow practically was of very meagre means and never had exhibited any personal qualifications that he ever would. But his wife was the means of making a man of him and to-day is rated to be worth thousands.

Having observed many distinctions in homes that were consummated under the most favorable circumstances that proved entire failures, that demonstrated the fact that a good man was ofttimes ruined by the choice of a helpmate, but that a good woman would make a bad man good from very poor material and that a bad woman would make a good man worthless. I was in a country town several years ago and the minister had performed the marriage ceremony of several couples, but all had sought separation through the courts; the question was asked of the minister how to ac-

count for all this. His only reply was that they were not of good material, a man to enjoy true repose and happiness in marriage, must have in his wife a soul-mate as well as a help-mate, because of the frivolous life and gayeties that surounds every walk of life, men and woman have totally disregarded companionship in marriage only in the most remote districts of civilization as the character of men as of women is powerfully influenced by their companionship in all the stages of life. We have already spoken of the influence of the mother in forming the character of her children, she makes the moral atmosphere in which they live and by which their minds and souls are nourished as their bodies are by the physical atmosphere they breathe, and while woman is the natural cherisher of infancy and the instructor of childhood, she is also the guide and counsellor of youth, and the confidant and companion of manhood in her various relations of mother, sister, lover and wife, in short, the influence of woman more or less efiects for good or for evil the entire destinies of man. The respective social functions and duties of men and women are clearly defined by nature. God created man and woman each to do their proper work. Each to fill their proper sphere, neither can occupy the position or

perform the functions of the other. Their several vocations are perfectly distinct. Man is stronger, more muscular, and of rougher fibre; woman is more delicate, sensitive and nervous. The one excels the other in power of brain, the other in quality of heart, and though the head may rule, it is the heart that influences. Both are alike adapted for the respective functions they have to perform in life, and to attempt to impose woman's work on man would be quite as absurd as to attempt to impose man's work on woman. Men are sometimes woman-like, and and women are sometimes man-like. It is still too much the practice to cultivate the weakness of woman rather than her strength, and to render her attractive, rather than useful. Her sensibilities are developed at the expense of her health of body as well as of mind,, she lives, moves and has her being in the sympathy of others, ofttimes at the expense of her companion. She dresses that she may attract and is burdened with accomplishments that she may be chosen. Weak, trembling and dependent, she incurs the risk of becoming a living embodiment of the critic, so good, that she is good for nothing. As the missionaries of China called upon Li Hung Chang, the great Chinese statesman, and re-

quested his support and sanction to suppress the compresing of the feet with the Chinese ladies, as that is the custom and fashion with the celestial maid, the wise statesman readily acquiesced with the request by consent and donated one hunderd dollars to further the cause and then turned to the missionaries and frankly stated that he would donate another one hundred dollars to suppress the squeezing of the waists of the maids of the Anglo-Saxon race, that had become the fashion and custom of our fair maids. The rebuke was commonplace and the one as serious as the other in form. Fashion is the master-piece of discontent and ruin. Men set more values on the cultivated minds than on the accomplishments of women which they are raely able to appreciate. Literature unfits women for every day business life, not so with men. You see those of the most cultivated minds constantly devoting their time and attention to the most homely objects. The man whose affections are quickened by home life does not confine his sympathies within that comparatively narrow sphere. His love enlarges in the family and through the family it expands in to the world. Love is a fire that kindles its first embers in a narrow work of a private bosom caught from a wandering spark

out of another private heart, glowes and enlarges until it warms and beams upon multitudes of men and women and so lights up the whole world, and nature with its grievous impulses. It is by the solace of domestic affection that the heart of man is best composed and regulated. The home is the woman's kingdom, her state her world, when governed by affection, by kindness, by this which so settles the turbulance of a man's nature as his union in life with a high-minded woman. There he finds rest rest of brain and peace of spirit. He will also find in her his best counsellor, for her instinctive tact will usually lead him right when his own unaided reason might be apt to go wrong. The true wife is a staff to lean upon in time of trial and difficulty and she is never wanting in sympathy and solace. When distress occurs or fortune frowns, Mr. Choate, the eminent lawyer, now United States Embassador to the court of England, paid the highest tribute to his wife. At a social gathering in New York City, someone asked him the question, who he would rather be if he could not be himself? After thinking of all the celebrities of the world, he turned to his wife, and said: "If I could not be myself, I would

rather be Mrs. Choate's second husband." In such unions there is always strength and happiness. some persons are disappointed in marriage, because they expect too much from it, and many more, because they do not bring into the co-partnership their fair share of cheerfulness, kindliness, forbearance and common sense. Their imaginations have pictured a condition never experienced on this side of heaven, and when real life comes trouble comes with it. In writing the word trouble, I remember the ceremony of marriage of one of my sisters. As my sister's husband's mother was in tears and related that George was now married and his troubles would now begin, I thought that was a consoling emphasis to begin with and of a very encouraging nature. Most marriages are consummated with a look for something approaching perfection in their chosen companion, and discover by experience that the fairest of characters have their weaknesses, yet it is often the very imperfections of human nature rather than its perfection that makes the strongest claims on the forbearance and sympathy of others which tends to produce the closest unions. Of all qualities, good temper is one that wears and works the best in married life, the patience

to bear and forbear, to listen without retort, to refrain until the angry flash has passed as the soft answer turneth away wrath. Most girls are very good at making nets, but it would be better still if they would learn to make cages; men are often as easily caught as birds, but as difficult to keep. If the wife cannot make her home bright and happy, so that it shall be the cleanest, sweetest, most cheerful place that her husband can find refuge in, a retreat from the toils and troubles of the outer world, then God help the poor man, for he is virtually homeless. No wise person will marry for beauty alone, as beauty is vain. It may exercise a powerful attraction in the first place, but it is found to be of comparatively little consequence afterwards. Not that beauty of person is to be under-estimated, of form and beauty of features, as they are the outward manifestations of health, but to marry a handsome figure without character, fine features unbeautified by sentiment or good nature is the most deplorable of mistakes. When down east I knew a railroad engineer who had married a woman who had attractions of beauty and form. The first union proved a failure; but he was captured in a second marriage by the same folly. The third wife, he made up his mind should be

L. of C.

blessed with homeliness that others would not even look at her. Then his union proved a success. As the finest landscapes seen daily becomes monotonous, so does the beautiful face, unless a beautiful nature shines through it. The beauty of to-day becomes common place to-morrow, where as goodness displayed through the most ordinary features are the most lovely. Moreover this kind of beauty improves with age and time ripens rather than destroys it. After the first year of married life people rarely think of each others features whether they be beautiful or otherwise, but they never fail to recognize the greatness of a mild temper. Of all the reforms of virtue that have proven themselves of national importance, have originated in the homes of refinement and culture. Homes are the wellspring of creative influences that govern the whole universe. If economy prevails, the nation is governed in economical legislative bodies. If extravagance prevails, the nation follows. So the power of woman is to either, rule or ruin. Men are powerless to prevent these conditions only in well regulated homes. There are numerous good women, as well as good men, but their surroundings dictate their better judgment. The principal element in the assertion of rule or

ruin implies all the meaning signifies from the standpoint of cause and effect, the habits and customs instilled in our homes, govern and predominate the future. Common sense will dictate the absurdity of accumulative homes on such bases of eulogy in the exercise of power over homes in the division of parents and children. One to diminish the right, the other to advertise the wrong. Opinions and strength have given way to weakness and fear until equality and principle have lost all their charms. All these will demonstrate themselves by facts filtered with sorrow and sadness and only realized by experience. All nations are governed in accordance with homes that constitute the government. The tide of prosperity rolls in on the swell that carries every conceivable construction with it far out on the lowlands. But when it has spent its fury of devastation and has reached high tide it begins slowly to recede 'tis then the awfulness begins to reveal the wreckage and ruin that which has strewn the beach for miles and changed the landscape of peaceful homes to that of ruin. That is the condition and position by representation of homes, we are at high tide, each straining every oar until the locks creak with pressure. hoping we may land high and dry. Some strokes

of the oar are dipped too deep, some are in the air, because of the billows' tide. We make slow progress but hope and trust to land safely somewhere, we have no choice, only safely somewhere and anywhere. But alas, only a few escape. This is life if you are an expert with craftiness and oarsman many will cling to your life-boat and sink you. Others will implore you to save them and would readily part with their gold to save life. They forget the sinking ones in the last forlorn hope and struggle that he might save from a pauper's grave. It's about on the same principle as the two tramps who landed in America, they were impressed that money grew and blossomed on shrubbbery in this country. No effort but a life of ease and comfort. They undertook to explore this vast domain as tramps; they were leisurely plodding along to while away time as that hung heavily over them. They suddenly found themselves at the entrance of a public park, they sauntered in and lounged around until they came to a beautiful lake; they walked round and finally came face to face with a finger-board, that after much ciphering they read as follows: "Five dollars reward for the rescue of a drowning person, and ten dollars reward for the recovery of a drowned body." The lake was

very deep. Pat could read, but Jimmy could not. Pat read the sign over several times aloud so Jimmy might comprehend the meaning. Finally Pat remarked to Jimmy that he should jump into the lake, he would rescue him and then claim the reward of five dollars, and in the deal Jimmy was to share the reward. After much parleying Jimmy agreed and jumped in. Pat stood upon the bank as unconcerned as if nothing had happened, Jimmy's head popped up and saw Pat's disregard in his rescue; the next time Jimmy came to the surface he was alarmed at Pat's demeanor and called out, "Pat save me, you may have all the five." Pat's answer was, "never mind the five Jimmy, I want the ten."

These are morals that are practiced and classified as shrewd business; captivating as they are they find many victims, especially on stock exchanges and those who deal in futures. Anything that offers quick returns, with the least amount of time; capital and labor expended something for nothing are the elementary permits of thousands of people. No questions asked as to how obtained. I have leaped into more lakes than one and under similar circumstances as the tramp, but I always managed to swim out and leave my treacherous friend to

comfort his own feelings. It seems to be a part of life, and even before one becomes accustomed to them, life has spent its forces. So it's best to learn them early in life and profit by them. The experiences related ar valuable, for all must encounter them before life is completed; to those who aim to display their efforts for the betterment of striving humanity, the Bible insructs industry and economy, as wastefulness always leads to woeful want. If the youth were taught how to escape all these pitfalls instead of being educated how to create them, these would start happy and contented homes. We have too many young men trying to gain a livelihood from their wits. From educational training their whole demeanor does not invite or denote any encouraging improvements. Mothers should guard their daughters and not encourage them to seek company while in their teens; be their best companions; teach them the waywardness of the world and the wages of sin; accompany them and guide them; the duties of home and character, as a man's moral character is powerfully influenced by his wife. A lower nature will drag him down as a higher one will lift him up; the former will deaden his sympathies, dissipate his energies and distort his life;

the latter will strengthen his moral nature and tend to energize his intellect. The woman of high principals will elevate the aims and purposes of her husband, as one of low principals will unconsciously degrade them. I have known young men, if that I may justly call them, on forming the acquaintance of a young lady, immediately consult Bradstreet's or Dunn's commercial agency to ascertain the financial standing of her father. If good they would seek to capture, the young lady with the sole aim and ambition to instead diminish the family circle of the prospective father-in-law but add too. There are many young men as well as women looking for easy untoiling lives; they are generally the ones who are disappointed in marriage. One circumstance I will relate to show the honesty of purpose; my uncle's farm joined my father's; they were childless and always kept a man employed by the month; they had secured the services of a German young man; his wages consisted of twenty-five dollars per month, board and washing, nine months in the year, and the three months was by the day, one dollar per day and board; the board was included if he did not work but one day a week, but the chores were always attended by him which earned him

his board and washing; he remained with my uncle for three years. He had accumulated several hundred dollars before coming to work for my uncle; he also managed to save the better part of his wages, all of which was on interest, earning him something also. He always wore good clothes but was very careful with them, and one suit of clothes for dress would answer for three or four years with him. He was always ready to bear his share of expense with the neighbor boys as long as he remained in their social company, but when the expense began to double up on him he would always excuse himself. Other young men would have a horse and buggy; he had none, but enjoyed himself, I believe, better than those who had. The third year he married a lady that kept house for a farmer several miles from where he worked. She was a splendid house-keeper and familiar with all the details. The farmer she kept house for gave her a good cow and many other useful articles. The young man had saved up sixteen hundred dollars; they bought a small farm of fifty acres, went in debt several hundred dollars, but soon paid that, and then they built a new barn, improved the farm, and to-day are clear of debt, happy and contented. His wife was one of

those economical housewives and had saved from her wages more than one hundred dollars, after paying for her own marriage gowns. She knew all the details of wife; she was high-minded and of good character. Having spoken of the influence of wife upon a man's character, there are few men strong enough to resist the influence of a lower character in a wife; if she does not sustain and elevate what is highest in his nature she will speedily reduce him to her own level; thus the wife may be the making or the unmaking of the best of men. Having had opportunities to observe all this in my travels, and the study of human nature. One could almost judge business men and form opinions as to who was who, in the home as well as in business generally. I would exercise caution with credit under such circumstances. Men as well as women ofttimes do things thinking no one will be the wiser. They must know their habits as well as their characters are as well known as their financial standing, in fact more so, as character is prized more than wealth; honesty more than credit, as honesty was everybody's capital; others their wealth. But if honesty was to exchange places with wealth, honesty would succeed and wealth would fail, as oft-

times wealth and honesty are strangers. They conflict as having already stated; no man is counted rich until he can reckon millions. Having my serious doubts if any man can do so and yet be honest; of course there are exceptions, it requires many gleamings to accumulate millions. Many suffer the pangs of hunger in its course of manipulations. A great many advantages are taken; we complain of them, but who makes them? the people are to blame for all. Who forms trusts? why the people. It is law that causes trusts, and then law seeks to regulate them. Men combine their interests against the ravages of law for mutual protection; millionaires are formed from the same cause. It's law, law, too much law. Law is like capital punishment; no man ever lived to survive it. How strange but how true; these are facts that stand to reason, as nothing is law that is not reason. This causes the writer to announce the title of my next book, to follow this, entitled: "Cause and Effect." This book will blossom in truth and achievements from experience, humiliation and despair. That discloses the solemn fact that there is a higher power than mortal man. Man may say, "you can't," but "try" will reveal "no can'ts." If

there were more "try's" and less "can'ts" there would be less trusts and fewer millionaires. I envy no man his wealth or his success if honestly obtained. I also admire the man of any profession who expounds truth and power to uplift striving humanity. Not to embitter one against another; after all is said and done, life only represents the apple blossom, it buds and blossoms into fragrance, it grows and ripens into fruit and flavor and falls of its own weight. They differ in methods of propagating and culture, nourishment an dsunshine; the more lofty branches produce the most perfect fruit; those that receive the greater sunshine, the most beautiful complexion. This is all in all the approximate similarity in human nature. Having a friend, of much experience, come to my rescue in my absence by relating that the Gilt Edge Farmer was all right; only he was twenty years ahead of the times; that is my failure, I admit, but as you grasp the ideas you may profit by them.

Ten years ago when newspaper correspondence was one of my vocations, and having pleaded for the preservation of the Miami and Erie canal relating what advantages could be derived from its use by propelling boats by electric-

ity, and the benefit gardeners could derive from the cold storage packets. It was commented upon and to-day is being developed and soon will be one of the new enterprises. That was ten years ago given over to decay, while in other parts of the United States millions of dollars were being expended in duplicate form. It seems well. Enough can only survive in the lack of means to accomplish the destructive end. Billions of dollars are spent daily by all nations in destructive means of warfare. Powerful ironclad gunboats were constructed and equipped with the most powerful guns, and powder, that represented floating arsenals. They built to excel all others, until the submerging torpedo boat was at last perfected, so small, yet so great as to render the greater at the mercy of the lesser. So with nations, so with men. Greatness is deplorable to say the least.

It is when nations and men become great that evil surrounds them. Corporations endanger themselves in excellency, and pomp homes are made vertical palaces of hell, in gorgeous display. They become distasteful and corrupt, common sense, common people, common homes are the three essentials of happiness. After

coming from New York and leaving home with the many changes already mentioned, they had improved the old home in absence by replacing the log part by a frame structure. The old fire place was not there. Lace curtains and store carpets, bric-a-brac and rugs, base burner stoves and cushioned chairs, extension tables and linen spreads, silver ware and poreclain high lamps, and tapestry spring beds and mattresses, easels and foot rests. All the old idealities. They had arrayed all this and were living practically in the summer kitchen. The old home was gone, happiness went with it, life had lost all its charms. The change was too great, the cares were too many. The burdens were heavy, the shadows of dicontent were hovering over many once happy homes. Country life was too slow, cities began to boom from the influx from country to city. Farming decreased, tenants supplanted the owners, and practically speaking, the devil begun. It has been traveling a fast pace ever since until so worn, they need redressing. Any man of common sense, reason need not be twitted of the facts of his own folly but detest the humiliation to acknowledge the coin to better conditions but struggles on until the last ray of hope vanishes with the means to end. The wri-

ter knows his weakness, but like many others, powerless to strengthen because the time is not yet ripe to apply the remedy that is in practical methods in agriculture. Men to practice that which they preach, must be given the freedom of range as four-fifths of all tillable farms are tilled by tenants. Curbed and spiced with such damnable influence of undesirable ownership until discouragement and despair mingles in every movement.

A farmer to be a success must be a farmer at heart. Most tenants are out of sorts and heart. Every tiller of the soil should own the land which he tills. A farmer cannot be a mere drudge and keep up with the absolute demands of his business. He must be progressive, it is not to be a matter of choice. The farmer of the next generation must understand his business or get out of it and give place to one who does. The common irksome, don't care if I do, farmer is doomed. These conditions are not referred to as coming, but are upon us now. It is only a question of time that farming will be so changed by force of circumstances, that the man who remains blind from now until then in progress and knowledge and his methods through his practices to-day put him in the front rank, will be a back number, the

man who now talks about knowing all about farming because his father was a farmer, and inherited his methods. The writer was so enthusiastic in nature's own research when a boy, that that was one of the causes of expulsion from the parental roof. Another was prejudice and jeal ousy that has followed me ever since.

If the great common wealth would give agriculturists the same power and protection as it does those who prey upon them, sovereignty would be transformed into servant, any one of intelligence can predict the future in so far as history repeating itself after being expelled from the farm becaues of the advancing methods, my thoughts and ideas always lingered with me, so great were they with me. Plans were being devised to put them into practice, feeling that time alone, the only means to end in the retreat from the frivolous methods of business to that of practical research in the natural scientific agricultural pursuit. All these were thoughts that had become so fixed that after having traveled from New York until past twenty years of age I had amased quite a sum of money and being well acquainted over five states, I concluded to shange my occupa-

tion, as the constant travel was wearing on me. So I came to Toledo, Ohio, and engaged in the tobacco business, buying and selling on consignment. The firm that furnished the stock was considered in good standing, so much so, that the banks credited them to large amounts. I still continued the road, but in more moderate form. Having deposited collateral as security for stock handled. My income averaged me four hundred dollars per week. I kept this up at a lively pace, because the more one is making, the more eager they are for more, and the more they have, the more they want. I have failed to meet one who could say they were really satisfied. And the more one is accumulating, the easier it is to make more until the business gets too large for the man. The means and the urging complicationn of the business generally discloses the end, never saw it fail.

Men of to-day who imagine the world would crumble to dust if not for them, will themselves return to dust and the world still move along just as though such a person never existed, only in prose. And generally such persons leave but little of this world's goods for litigation. This new venture was too good to keep, one of the firm went east, and involved them to

such an extent in bad speculation as to cause them to assign. Well do I remember the circumstance, I was attending one of those country exhibitions near Troy, Ohio, on Saturday night. In the midst of the program a messenger called my name, I arose and handing me a telegram, stating the firm had failed. Well, I had goods all over the country and knowing the results. After spending about six weeks cleaning up I found myself three hundred and fifty dollars worse off than nothing. The bank held this against me; I would have come out all right, but for the firm in filling my contracts with the stock that was practically worthless, as it was not what was bargained for, nor was it what sold to my trade. So the slaughter in price was awful. After some time had elapsed the bank rendered a statement of my indebtedness. Then employing an attorney to effect a compromise of the three hundred and fifty dollars, I paid him twenty-five dollars for the first effort also the second. I saw I could keep that up until doom's day with no results, so dismissed him and consulted one of the directors and effected a compromise for one hundred dollars, I could have done that in the first instance, if I had proceeded in the proper direction. I learned

valuable lessons all the while, smiled and said nothing.

About that time my father gave each one thousand dollars except myself. My father had come in possession of a five acre tract of land with cozy brick cottage, barn and splendid orchard. He offered this to any one of us for twelve hundred dollars, it cost him seventeen. As I was a secondary matter waiting for results, none of them seemed to want it. After they were all through, then I took it with the understanding that I was to pay four hundred dollars difference for my allowance and piece of property. After all was settled I improved the place by fencing and painting, blinding the windows and new pumps. Fruit trees were replaced and other improvements were added. I was happy and contented. An old gentleman owned a small farm, forty-eight acres, across the road from me, I rented, it was excellent land, but he was very particular and of a miserly disposition, he had also money loaned. This was the farm we harvested, the eight acres of wheat on, when a boy at home. I always said that some day I would own that farm, when a mere boy I admired it, it was level and rich soil. My father had not deeded me the five acres but I sonsidered his

word as good as the deed and did not urge the matter. But one rainy, gloomy evening my father road in and called me out and told me he would have to go back on the trade, but would give me no reasons, and have never learned the full particulars, but told me I could stay there until December the first. That was in August, well I was out in the cold once more. My father gave me eight hundred dollars.

I began to look around, and the man that owned the farm I coveted, offered me the farm for forty-five hundred dollars and pay him five hundred dollars down. I could have my own time on the balance at six per cent interest on deferred payments. But he wanted to remain on the farm as he was old and afflicted with bright's disease. He had taken quite a liking to me. That winter I drove four miles east of him as he had sixteen acres of timber and always got his fuel there. I only lost nine days during the whole winter, cold and snow. The whole winter I received one dollar per day and board myself. That was quite a contrast from what I had been accustomed to but I did not mind that. I was more contented than when on the road as there was too much pandering to the trade to suit me. He had about two acres of orchard on the farm.

The trees were old and dead. They had borne themsleves into decay. He wanted them all off, and the best he would do was twenty-five cents per tree. There were fifty of them. They were to be cut in stove length. Well, I took that, and the first one I tackled took me almost half a day to fell. They were to be stumped level with the soil. The old gentleman sat at the window all the day watching me. I worked two days before the fist tree was all trimmed of the branches, for it looked much larger down than when standing. I had to pile the brush also. Well,there was the trunk of the tree; but all the while I was cleaning the trunk of its branches, I was doing some hard thinking. I knew apple-tree wood was of value, and knew the firm that used the timber for saw-handles. So I wrote them, and in a few days I received a reply, stating that they would pay four and one-half cents per foot, and gave instructions for sawing them. I told the landlord the trunks were difficult to work, and I would agree to move all the wood into the wood-shed for the trunks. He agreed to that, and then I went after them trees with a vim, after informing the firm that I would furnish them between one and two thousand feet of apple-tree lumber. The snow was still laying, and with bob-sleds I sleded the tim-

ber to the mill, and shipped the lumber to Cincinnati, Ohio. In a few days I received a draft for fifty-four dollars and forty cents. With the twelve dollars and fifty cents due me for cutting the wood, I had sixty-six dollars and ninety cents. But I was about fifty days in all. Now the reader may think strange of all this, after being on the road for five years, surrounded by all the brilliancy and luxury in the most fashionable hotels, mingling with people of note, as custom would judge them. I can frankly say that these were the happiest days of all. There was twelve acres of wheat I had sown on the farm. The wheat was good. After harvest he must have the stubbles raked, as that was, in those days, always considered profitable, after self-rake harvesters. I did that, and I was four days in all, because they were treaded by horses on the barn floor. I did the work all myself, and after it was all done and cleaned up, there was only one and one-half bushels, I going to the house and telling him how much there was. He told me just to put his share in the grainery. Three pecks was my share for four days' labor and board myself. Still I did not mind that. What was in my mind was to own the farm.

It began to be talked about that the farm was for sale; there was one who wanted the farm also; he was a retired doctor, but I must say a practical farmer. He followed it for the recreation there was in it, not so much for the profits, because he owned a large dry goods store also, that his son looked after. I was not aware of something, but the first thing I knew he had bought the farm from under me. My intention was to buy the farm regardless of my father's protest; well, I was out once more. The price paid was five thousand dollars, a little more than I was to pay for it; still I thought I would some day own that farm. But while all this was going on, the five acres that I thought was mine was sold to my eldest brother, and the deed made at once. Then my uncle, where the German young man lived, offered to do so well by me that he stated he would make me richer than all of them. So I bought twenty acres of him, built a new brick house, barn and all outbuildings; his farm consisted of ninety-six acres. Having all the necessary buildings completed by the first of December; there was six acres of timber on the twenty acres that furnished much of the timber for the buildings; this timber land grew up very densely with undergrowth,

second growth, ash and beach timber, consisting mostly of all except some elm. What would not make lumber was worked into wood; the wood was traded for other material, and about all the cash outlay was for brick and labor. The house was located at the corner of timber land and enough of second growth ash was left to form a small grove around the buildings; the stone was taken from my father's quarry and when the place was completed it was a very cozy little farm. The first yield on the farm was very good; crops were excellent. The second year there was a twenty acre clover field for corn. It was a red sandy soil and the clover was very heavy; so heavy was it that it was about all one could do to get it under, but rolling coulters did very well. The season was somewhat wet and the corn grew well. Having a double corn plow, using the small shovels until the fourth time cultivating, as the soil was very mellow with all that crop of clover. It did not require but shallow cultivation. My uncle complained all the while and wanted the larger shovels used. He went so far as to bring my father over in order to get me to do as they did: hill the corn up, dig down, and of what else would be hard to mention. I told them that

when the corn was gathered and it did not outyield all the other, then it was time to convince me they were right. When harvest came my uncle was bound to have his way. So while busy in the harvest field he undertook to give it the finishing touch with a single plow, one of those large shovels that would do for a drainage plow. Plowing one-half day, he tired of that; but when husking time came that would not yield one-half the other. In gathering the corn, two wagons were used with one team, in order not to have so much to pick up in the field that was being husked while unloading at the crib. The corn crib was built with a basement, so that in emptying them we would drive beneath and the corn was let into the wagon by trap doors; it saved shoveling. There were two cribs with driveway between; they held eight hundred bushels each. My uncle volunteered to unload the one wagon while we were filling the other. We always selected the best ears for seed as unloaded and kept that in the crib loft. I allowed him to do that until finding that all the seed was taken from my load, as we divided it by the load; so one could do very well to unload them at that rate; so after that I would bring one man from the field to unload and told him to pick

from both loads, as the seed corn was as much his as mine and as much mine as his. That's the way he intended to make me rich; that is only one instance. He had always worked hard and to see some one else getting half and he only half was too much for him; he still wanted it all. I stood it four years and then sold out. as each year grew more stringent. He offered me twenty-five hundred dollars for my place but I wanted thirty-five; he thought that he could get it and keep a man as he could farm the place to better advantage and all the crops, as all the crops grown while there, yielded large. The twenty acres of corn filled both cribs, sixteen hundred bushels was the best yield around. In the meantime my brother sold the five-acre tract and moved to the state of Kentucky. He bought a farm there, and was there two years, and lost about all he had except forty acres. So disgusted was he that he offered the forty acres for sale or trade. I traded him out of that and done very well with it. The forty acres did not cost me to exceed ten dollars. In the first start, having bought an ash tree-top for one dollar and fifty cents, paid help one dollar to saw it with me, and traded the wood for a grain drill and double harrow, then trading the two for

forty acres of land. About that time my cousin came home from Indiana, on a peddling expedition. He had a good wagon, harness, four-year-old horse, blankets, whip, and trunk of notions. We then traded, even up, for the forty acres, in the clean up, the ash top worked into wood, with two dollars invested netted more than two hundred dollars. Then after clearing off the six acres of timber with the undergrowth, it was a difficult matter to kill them out as they would continually sprout up again. Taking part of this money I bought 45 head of culled sheep, at one fifty per head, mostly all old ews. Wishing to have them clean up the clearing, so thick was the sprouts that it was perfectly green. The sheep relished the tender shoots, and by keeping them salted, in about six weeks they had cleaned up every vestage of shrubbery. Then they were sold to the butcher at three dollars and fifty cents per head. Then I began to turn my attention to Jersey cattle, there were few of them around. I was censured by all for having such dwarfs of cattle. The butcher ridiculed them, but having a fancy for them I kept right on very slowly, and also, keeping a sharp lookout for a buyer for the place. My uncle was getting closer each succeeding year, and

my confidential plans were to get away from the surroundings. It took time. Finally after four years in a man-trap, I released myself by finding a buyer for the little place. Thirty-two hundred dollars was the price offered, so I sold. As my uncle was scheming to get the place for twenty-four hundred, was one cause of each succeeding year demanding things of greater depression in order to compel me to accept his terms. They were trying to say that the last hope was beginning to dawn upon me, that now I would try again for the coveted prize. The foryt-eight-acre farm that the Doctor had bought that I wanted. Going into his dry-good store one bitter, cold Saturday afternoon, and accosting him without much preliminary agreable remarks, but striking home the question: "Doctor, what will you take for your farm?" He seemed astonished, but jokingly, remarked: "what would you give?" I knew bartering was of no avail, and that possession depended upon my satisfactory bid. Having made up my mind about the figure that would buy it, so I frankly and unhesitatingly informed the Doctor that I would give six thousand dollars. He had improved the land however, more than the buildings by tiling. The barn had been re-

shingled, all these were taken into consideration in the offer. Well, he said smilingly, " that's an offer." As he had not thought about selling, to come in one week from that day and he would decide, in the meantime abiding the time determined the sale and once more was in the way to put practice into operation. After becoming noised about that six thousand dollars was paid for forty acres, men who owned from fifteen to seventeen farms, tilled by tenants, hooted at the idea, stating I would not make four per cent. on the investment. Well, I knew they could not, but I would. Some said I was crazy. Some predicted failure, a few predicted my success. No one knew what or how I was going to proceed. But they surmized and victimized as boyish principals now were being transformed into manhood, sobriety and thought, tempered with experience in business methods obtained on the road had left its impress in trial and patience. My plans were so mapped out as to require, at least, thirty years to execute them all. They represented the cogs in wheels that drive the machinery of commerce, one was useless without the other. As I now had the land and the experience, but there were hidden foes that that were never dreamed of, and trials that tired

one's soul, and friends that were as wolves in sheeps clothing. Neighbors that would corrupt the annuals of a quiet neighborhood. Professions that would steal in upon you as the thief, in the darkness. Prosperity dug its own grave. Industry un-rewarded, the glowing accounts in the eight years on the farm of trials and experiment. Sunshine and happiness, sorrow and humiliation in the trials of right of possession, and the knowledge gained from experience, yet while I believe in time the good will outweigh the bad. Yet how thorny is the path and how un-happy the pilgrimage to him who dares to do his duty. There are no flowers except a few boquets, snatched from the graves of fallen foes. There is no happiness except the transcient thrill of cruel triumph which passes like a shadow across the heart. Every earnest, practical, scientific agriculturalist is only a victim for food for vultures and trouble for the fruit of his labor turn to ashes on the lifes of others. To me there is nothing in the world so pathetic as the ignorance and falsehood of professions in attempting to subsist from the labors of others in the practice of law and similar professions. He is like a mariner without a compass, drifting on the tempest-tossed

waves of uncertainty, between the smiling cliffs of hope and the frowning crags of fear. He is a walking petition and a living prayer. He is the pack-horse of public sentiment. He is the dromedary in politics, and even if he reaches the goal of his ambitions, he will soon feel the beak of the vulture in his heart and the fang of the serpent in his soul, I am no longer a victim of such vicissitudes, never again will I be. Experience has revealed precious memories, gratitude and unweaving confidence, fortified with such means and of such character in truth as will determine the cause and produce the effect. As the tragedies of life are not without cause, and no cause without effect; also, no effect without some cause. I now stand on the peaceful summit and proclaim right and justice to striving humanity. All this will be clearly illustrated in our next book, entitled: "Cause and Effect," and the finishing touches of means to ends.

INDIVIDUALITY.

THE greatest achievements of mankind come by chance, by coming in contact with the unforseen means which produced the results that brought about the existing Means to Ends, with a peculiar strain of mind and thought concentrated upon some particular idea or act, by those whom the world condemned as odd, peculiar in their ways and manners; who possessed undaunted will and brain power, far-seeing in their ways of natural powers, that perhaps required years of ardent self-sacrificing energy to execute and accomplish. These are the real characters that pave the pathway for future existence.

They are those who have risen from the most humble walks of life. Born of good and noble parentage, brought up under Christian influences, reared under the most trying circumstances of extreme poverty from the lack of means to make ends meet in the real necessaries of life.

'Tis those who have gained such knowledge from the book of life and experience, by coming in contact with that which is real. It leaves

such impress that no theory or book-learning can combat against it. Diplomas and valedictories are as aught in comparison. Nature has so provided and blessed each, and endowed them with such faculties, as enable one to accomplish or promote some feat impossible for any other; or perform some act that would be utterly impossible for any other to perform.

The great tendencies of the present age and modern life, with its many avenues of allurements of ficticious gains with enormous combinations; its concentrations of vast enterprises of Interests and Effects, and vast fortunes, is to quash some one's individuality.

The very atmosphere of which we breathe and have our being seems charged with such tyranical and malicious obstructions, which annihilate individual progress.

There is a duty one owes to himself, that is, to know thyself and preserve and develop your own personalities, and not allow others to hinder you in well-doing or developing, or your surroundings or environments to rob you of your distinction or personality; for you have a work no other can do. Every individual wears the royal stamp and seal of God. Do not allow any act or deed to efface the stamp placed upon you

by the Divine Hand to distinguish you from all other men. It is your duty to preserve your individuality as you would your character, for it is a part of yourself. Experience has taught me many lessons of self-help. When my fellow-man insinuates impossibilities or failures, that does not signify a fact. For when nature made me she distinguished me from my fellow-man. There is no one else like me in the universe. No one else who can do quite as well the thing I was especially made to do; and I have some particular advantages over any other being ever born. These are the advantages I strive to make the most of. I find that which effects self most commands the greater respect than trying to be another than thyself, or to imitate or mimick. The trouble with most of us it that we are content to be mere machines — no good without some one to operate or turn the crank — sort of a miniature copy of what has been, not what should be. Yet since no two human beings are made alike, no one can quite take the place of another, or can he do quite as easily, or quite as well, the thing the other was made to do. It is foolish, as well as disastrous, to try to mould oureslves to a different pattern from what nature intended for us.

It is better to be an original hod-carrier than an imitation farmer. I say farmer, because that is first in importance. One can be anything else, but he cannot be a successful farmer. Whatever you are or whatever you do, be yourself. Be original, be just; just plain self. The world has not demanded that you be a great lawyer, a great politician, merchant, or physician, or a vulture, that you may soar aloft in quest of prey, and pounce down upon the most innocent, by being empowered with some great commonwealth or municipality with the weapon of laws that you may hold over the heads of your fellow-being, that you may exact tribute without just cause of reason.

For strong reasons make strong actions. But it does require that you shall so conduct yourself through life as to uplift and not blight your fellow-man. So as to help and not hinder. So as to elevate and not degrade them. It does ask that you shall not gain wealth by impoverishing those who have helped you to become wealthy. That your accumulations of your vast fortune is clear, and not seared with the guilt of trying to sacrifice your competitor by any deception or unjust act. It demands that your wealth shall not be stained by despoiling

happy and contented homes or the blood of widows and orphans. That you shall not lift yourself up by tearing others down, and that you display your individuality that others may know your motives without discriminating against just measures or good instinct. Apply the golden rule in business, at home, and abroad. Your aspirations will abound with the search-light of honest inquiry, with display of your individuality in lifes pursuit.

As I am writing this, I rest my weary brain with a glance from the window over the smooth green lawn, with the breeze gently swaying the tender foliage of the large maple beneath the scorching descending rays of the mid-day sun. As the hot breezes are wafted through the green foliage of the nearby corn field, the blades curl themselves up, that they may protect themselves and be spared for the anticipated morning dew that they may convey the moisture to the stock and twinkle down to the well-nigh famished roots, that they may in return receive nourishment and all new life and strength to support themselves again and breath new life into the tender plant, and gather fragments of moisture for substance.

There, just emerged from the cornfield is a man, bent with the infirmities of age. He carries a hoe, and leans upon it for support to rest his weary and careworn body. He raises his hat and wipes the prespiration from his troubled and wrinkled brow. Care has ploughed deep furrows over his withered face. He seems in deep meditation over a life well nigh spent. Just a few weeks ago his life-long help-mate was laid to rest.

Wearied of the struggles of life and succumbed to that fate we all must meet, "Death!" Being in meager circumstances, owning a little home, they had a son, that was schooled through the common city schools, then a college course was persued, the parents were without means. The little home was mortgaged in order that the son's ambition might be appeased. The son graduated, and is now a professor in a college, but the mortgage is still there. The old folks have struggled and denied themselves, slaved and saved, and the mortgage grew in the same uroportion that the son advanced. The son receives a liberal salary, but as a professors position in life is of such a nature socially, that in order to keep up with the social standings and surroundings, the son would not

deny himself of the pleasures that his parents denied themselves of, in order that he could enjoy his. No doubt the parents expected some compensation, not anticipating the habits of the college-life, would also bring with it such as to forever dissolve the loved and cherished home, that is so dear to us in our childhood days. That should be perpetuated from generation to generation as a living monument in cherished memories of the old folks home.

These circumstnces abound everywhere. From the Atlantic to the Pacific, from the lakes to the gulfs which have left their imprints from over-indulgence in education, obtained from means without exertion or conpensation that in time reacts upon both body and mind in such secret measures, that absorbes all feeling of the approaching end. Start any young man out without the least knowledge of the world or devoid of experience with ample means. You can almost reckon the time of the end. Show me the young man who has worked his way through college, through hardships and toil, and I will show you a man. You will find him at the head of state, or building ships to drive the commerce of the Maine, or most likely you find him in some picturesque valley gazing upon his

flocks basketing in the sunshine upon the hillside. The latter is where you obtain sweet repose, and happy contented homes. Young men leave the farm with alluring circumstances and delusions at the age of diversion from boyhood to manhood, between the ages of 15 and 17. Just at the time and age when he thinks he must be consulted upon all subjects with his mind roving and expanding with the changes of nature, and that everything depends upon him, and that his every whim must be satisfied, and that although he makes intolerable surroundings and aching hearts, when in reality that is just the period of his life when he knows the least. His mind is wondering, his thoughts are fixing their courses. If this period of boy's lives could be passed over without over-indulgence of gratification and distasteful expectations with good books and the training of thought, there would be more homes intact and fewer broken-hearted parents. The family circle would be perpetuated for future enjoyment.

Mothers are to blame for much of the blighted young men's life. They are mere sissies. They have required more of the feminine sex than the masculine. They part their hair in the

middle and curl their locks. About all the father has to do or say is to supply the means to maintain it. The mother does not seem to apply the same affection for the daughters as the son. They oft times go out in the world and acquire more of a business taste than domestic and feminine ways. When women become masculine, men seem to lose that feminine respect. It is well and truly said that "the woman who rocks the cradle rules the world."

A reversal of motives displayed in educational home building will abound with sweet enthusiasm and sound the key-note of praise with its echo in every quarter of the globe. Happy homes come from within, in order to respond to that which comes from without. Very often, yes, very often, is the sad fact brought before me that family life is a burden to some of our men and women. In this day of intelligence and refinement the family should be the place where these two arts should be found. But alas, how often is it the contrary. Now some one must be to blame, and who is it? Instead of home being a veritable Paradise, it is very often a hot-bed of discontentt and dissatisfaction. It is worth a good deal to be in a congenial atmosphere, says one; and especially one who loves

quiet and gentle manners, to be surrounded by loving people. Let us analyze the situation from a common standpoint. There are generally two required to make a home; a man and a woman. Very often they come from two entirely different habitations, which leaves its impress. Now when they have entered this union or contract to erect a new home, did one give one thought to improvement over their former surroundings. Will they both try to do their part and each their duty. Take, for instance, a case of those over-indulged in book-learning, or one who has been unfortunately born with a pretty and winning face and fine form, who finds herself allured to the office or behind the counter, for it has almost become an epidemic to escape the real duties of life and seek that of less responsibility and ease. Are these capable and well-advanced in views of home-making to enter in such a holy task?

Mothers, guard your daughters while in their youth, and instruct them more diligently along the line of happy home-building. Does it not seem sad to see a home — and it is too often seen — where one is all the time having to tell the other to do this duty or that? Sometimes, or repeatedly, it is the husband who tries to

please the wife; and it has almost become the opinion of the writer that if these little pleasures were sufficiently noticed by the wife, a happy home would result. He provides a pleasant home with agreeable surroundings. Does she try to show her appreciation by keeping everything in the best possible order, so that when he comes in from work his sense of order, which is very acute in workman's lives, be it high or low, is not jarred in this instance? If such is the case, he is made to feel that his efforts are appreciated, and that home is the sweetest place on the face of the earth, and no power save death could lure him away, are the words of a man talking on this subject recently.

There are many people in the world, and sad that it must be said, but too many of our American girls have an idea that they have no part in the drama of life, especially in home-building. They think that after marriage, all that is to be done is to receive pettings from the lover in his new position, and they get an idea that their husbands ought to be satisfied with them whether or no, simply because they have assumed the position as wife, and must be petted and caressed at any time. They forget that in their courtship days they applied different rules to the life. Oh,

far different. How closely the little parlor was guarded, and sweetly arranged for his coming. A vase of flowers here, and a little cozy chair near the fire; all to welcome the lover. Such little things in themselves, but huge factors in the up-building of the lovers ideal home. Girls forget theselittle things when once inthe role of wife; and it is many times the great silent sword that cuts the happiness from the home. How often the husband returns from his systematic duties of every pusuit of life, and finds no light to beam forth his welcome. No, not a ray of light in the little nest of a parlor to welcome him. No cozy chair by the fire. No flowers to speak forth in silent sweetness of the love for the beautiful. No wife to greet him at the door. All the little idealities gone. True she may be hovering over a sick child, with its life in the balance. But what is mother the symbol of? She must rise above the common-place nurse and still "mother" her lover as husband. She must be the highest of creation. A mother indeed to her own offspring, and to the great boy she has taken as a part of herself. Forget not the husband is caring for the little ones. Teach them that "Father" comes first in the home, and his heart will be one of stone if he proves untrue to his

own. The wife and mother must be the veritable Saviour in her home. She must forget "self" in her sacrificial duties which, if done in love, are the happiest after all, and the husband will soon catch the spirit of the life, and nothing will be too precious for that Christ-like wife and mother. The wife must never think her wishes and desires supreme to every one else. In the little things, even in cooking, seek always to please him; and you will find in the end your own heart has been pleased also. It would be a pleasure to whisper into the ears of our young women the "secret of happy home-building;" for until this takes place in the world, the world will never grow better. Marriage welds the connecting link in the chain of life. The future strength of the life-chain depends largely upon the material one who has the birthright of happiness, as the majority of people however born under civilized conditions, are unwelcome to their mothers. Acquaint yourself with the nobility of the old world as well as the new. This is sad, but true. We seek to redress all evils by law. We cannot suppress vice by law. The greatest reforms are kindled upon our mother's knee and are wafted into flame as manhood approaches. You cannot remedy by statutory law that which the

laws of nature has instilled in and flows through the life-blood of the individual soul, and only awaits the opportunity to display the individuality or the true self that may have been smouldering for years. Every person is surrounded with environments and invisible forces of the laws of nature, if thoughtfully and intelligently used, tend to health, wealth and prosperity; and the means in the end of productive genius of both mind and body, leisurely applied, will stimulate greater action and drive away discouragements and clear up your mind, that you may see things as they really are in the light of the truth and knowledge of the wrong. Economy in all things is essential to success. Economy is of itself a great revenue. Its practice will lead to wondrous results in every act and deed. When a boy in one of the largest wholesale grocery houses of New York city, I was asigned as my first task in undoing packages wrapped with heavy cord. I supposed that haste was the watchword in such busy places, so I cut the cord, supposing that was the proper thing to do, not dreaming that haste makes waste. But I was soon informed that all cords were carefully saved by untieing the knots and applied on out-going packages. I found that in the course of one day

several dollars worth of cord had been saved, and that in the course of one year would have amounted to several hundred dollars. That was lesson number one. I learned still greater practices of economy, that in the end would have amounted to several thousands of dollars yearly I also learned that it was not the largest transactions that produced the largest results, but the smaller ones were the most coveted prizes. I was taught better at home than to have cut the cords, but I did not imagine that such practice was of any great importance in the great American metropolis, New York City. I was under the impression that everything was with a rush, rip, roar and a hurrah. From what I had observed in the two days I had been there, I felt sort of out of place, just like I was in everyone's way, and when I found the opportunity to vent my feelings is the manner in which I went after those packages with the above result, when if I had practiced my individuality as I had been taught at home on the farm, where every particle of cord from the least to the greatest was carefully saved, huge balls of common wrapping-twine was always displayed for additional pieces, that store purchases were tied with. Oft times mother would allow me to make balls out of the common

cotton twine of these savings, by using a piece of rubber for the center and wrapping the twine around it until the size wanted. Then cut the red sheep-skin lining out of old boot-tops for a covering, that was, they were used for many purposes. Ofttimes nail boxes were made out of them by fitting round pieces of board for the bottom and tacked in, and a string through the finger-straps on the top of the boot-leg, tied around your body, made a very convenient and handy nail box. They came very handy in building board fences, shingling roofs, and many other places on the farm. Such acts and uses should have taught me to practice the same economy in New York City, or allowed my individuality to display the better part of itself.

I learned very rapidly, and soon began to adapt myself to my surroundings and take on city airs, but only for a brief time, until one evening I found myself loaded down until I resembled more of a pack-mule than a human being with sample cases. I was tendered the best wishes and success to crown my efforts from the house, and assisted to the Hudson River ferry. I crossed the river, boarded a train on the Erie Railroad in Jersey City bound

for the west, Cleveland, Ohio being my first stop. The first business house I called at was a large one. I asked for the buyer, he was in the office, I approached him, and introduced myself by stating whom I represented of New York City. His reply was that he did not care who I represented, he did not want anything in my line. Well, that was rather stunning for my first trip — my first call — but I made up my mind it would not be my last one. I told him as mildly as I could, that I would be in the city a day or two and would call again before leaving. Well, I started out full of ambition and hope, but I again displayed poor judgment and if I had displayed more of myself and individuality I would have not called at the house at the time I did, it being about six o'clock in the evening.. I never tried to do business with a man since, that is just before lunch-time. For empty stomachs are poor reasoners. A man is always at his best when well-fed, and the most easily persuaded with good reason and judgment. As stated, I was ambitious, but I have learned since the dangers of ambition. I am now full of aspiration and less ambition. Ambition digs her own

grave, and builds monuments of remorse and despair in over-indulgence in every walk of life. Let the attention be called to the dangers of ambition. Ambition build empires to fall and crumble. It forms pools and gigantic combinations, it builds jealousy, prejudice, it creates selfishness and greed. It deadens ones own conscience. It unmans the very principal of the foundation and stability of any government. It has been the custom of every race to commend the ambitious youth to admire and to worship the man whose ambition has achieved for him high rank in comparison with others of to-day.

Ambition seems to be the dominant emotion, driving men to wealth, or fame, or position. Ambition leads men to sacrifice both friend and foe. Ambition deface manhood, it mocks justice; creates ficticious values without means to ends. The college student thinks that he possesses the crowning elements of character, if only he have the ambition to surpass his class and win future ascendency. This spirit in our youth, and even in tender years of our childhood, is fostered and fixed and commended by the majority of those counted thoughtful. But are they thoughtful?

Ambition creates deception. Ambition devastates homes and the soil, and diverts the the real into imaginary delusions that leaves its impress for aspiration. There is a vast distinction between ambition and aspiration. A careful examination of Webster's definitions of these words results in the conslusion that ambition aims to surpass others, and aspiration to surpass self.

Therefore, aspiration is always good and commendable, while ambition is always evil. Ambition is being bitterly contested with strife, against warfare in national, state, municipal and individual affairs, with such means as will terminate in the end as to drive ambition from our nature and give way to aspiration. We have our periods of season, the spring equinox is the time of conflict between the firm north wind, wild and destructive in its struggle to retain its way. And the soothing south wind strongly advancing to foster the life of the new spring time. The present time, the beginning of the twentieth century, the turn of affairs are of such magnitude and perplexity as to wholly engulf or sanction timely suggestions of those who aspire to the greatest good for the greatest number. This is the

equinoxial period of the desparate struggle of ambition to hold its place against the steady onward all-conquering march of aspiration Ambition is the motive power of the Nineteenth Century, it contains an alluring fascination of honor and fame in the competitive system now, not merely a struggle for supremacy, but even a fight for existence. Ambition is driving conditions nearer and nearer the awful abyss with each pulsation of action of additional means to balance accounts.

With every act the pulse quickens until ambition gives way to emotion and convulsions within and without. Ambition devours the means that prompted the ends. This is the point that tries men's souls. Ambition gives way to individuality. Individuality grasps aspiration. Aspiration is the spirit in which we now move. The twentieth century dawns with equal rights and systems that will establish an over-prosperous relationship. Mutual recognition and justice; ambition contains the seed of its own destruction. Aspiration is the soothing element of mankind. All who are the dupes of ambition will witness their own downfall. All who are imbued with aspiration are wise in their own counsel. Their con-

science is justice. The children and the youths of to-day are taught that if they are ambitious to be at the head of their class, or to surpass others in study or work, or to be chosen valedictorian, or to graduate with highest comparative honors, and to excel others in later life. Even though this work be a good one, that if they serve in competitive sports or delight in oratorical or other competitive contests, they are cultivating in themselves a plant whose fruit will be their own poison and certain death. One need not mention history or refer to personal tranactions to prove the assertion. Teach the young to aspire to learn all they can, to do all they should, to be what they ought to be. Teach them to honor their parents, teach them the natural and unnatural, teach them spiritually, rather than worldly; teach them self-support, economy, and self-sacrifice, the value of virtue and morality; teach them the value of time and obedience, teacn them the value of character, and to choose such associates as will uplift rather than degrade. Attain and aspire to those who are diligently seeking out the truth of honest livlihood and self-government.

'Tis not the great and daring deeds we do or accomplish in life that brings the greatest rewards and blessings and contentments. 'Tis the ideal, the individuality that measures the man. The greatest men and the greatest minds were of these types. They were most all farmer's boys, and poor at that. They were men who met success and failures with the same demeanor. If success crowned them they were the same type of manhood, tender-hearted, and in sympathy with the whole world. Fascinating and sincere, they had been reared with nature. They were such individually who labored by day and read by the dim candle-light or beneath the branches of the towering oak or elm, or by the light of the home fireside. They rehearsed their subjects in labor, while surrounded by nature. Their physical and mental capacity expanded. They earned their bread by the sweat of their brow, and broadened their intellect and their knowledge from the proceeds of their physical strength surrounded by and absorbing the great book of life, "nature," which contains the greatest store of knowledge, greater even than ever was written by man. So marvelous and so grand are the attainments that the half

has never been told. Learned men write and theorize upon all subjects and are acted upon by experiment until greater theories dominate the lesser ones. Ancient history report the fact that the earth was flat, until stronger theory demonstrated more clearly that the earth was round, when it's not positive that is correct. Of course we are all taught and believe such to be a fact, but no positive assurance have we that science is correct. The future ages may have cause and good reasons to differ with us as we have to ridicule the past. Nothing has ever fell off the earth, or has any of the great bodies of water spilled out yet when the earth revolved upon its axis every twenty-four hours, or that any human being ever lost his balance and fell off to come back and tell us all about it. Still we are taught gravitation to overcome a doubt. There is a question of doubt in many of our scientific researches. While the weariness and sadness of life comes from presistently closing our eyes to its greatness, there is no life so humble or so poor, as that which through too close a grasp of visible things has lost all conscious hold upon unseen realities of nature. Wafted into the atmosphere of infinite greatness, the soul it-

self grows great in coming in contact with the touch of nature and soars aloft in quest of greater truths that abound everywhere. If we will only train our minds and thoughts to absorb them. For it only needs a little more thought, a little more courage, and a little more eagerness, and a little more means to end one of the most abused theories ever perpetuated upon and civilized nation. We make dupes and dudes of foreign missionaries, as our representatives of civilization, when even heathen China could teach us the Christian ideal of respecting and honor of the aged.

Nations, like persons, are slow to profit by the experience of others. When the rural districts are compelled to capture emigrant trains of foreign nations, and act like bandits in order to gain assistance to harvest the crops because of heathens in foreign lands, and the unnatural allurements of youth to study the art of science and learn to make a living without toil, and the proceeds of the labor of foreign element sustaining and growing under the element of the whims of professions, that is the cause of oppression. Thousands of colleges with thousands of professors who are actually too lazy to draw their breath, but manage to exert energy

enough to draw their salary and have a good time in spending it. There are thousands of students that fill these universities and colleges that are mostly from the rural districts. Allured there not because of their natural inclinations for likely professions, but the industry needs their money more than their presence. They generally require from four to six years course to form such habits as to humiliate the old folks at home and reduce them to pinching poverty. The presidents of most all colleges are fluent talkers, and are supposed to exert every influence to make the institution self-sustaining, and he well knows that success depends upon the point in view for his livelihood and reputation as a college solicitor. The students generally board in cheap boarding houses, and those who are more fortunate in worldly goods, at hotels. Their surroundings are more degrading than elevating, because of their feeble-mindedness in believing the world moves and lives in their being here. They are not tolerated in more respectable abodes. They learn the act of spending before the earning end of business and generally close their correspondence with the same reminder to the old folks at home, "That small favors are thank-

fully received, and larger ones in proportion." Generally it's the mother who indulges the son and is flattered to depart with the last morsal and hide her grief behind her tears, and screens the real cause with low-price and poor crops. When the old farm has responded so cheerfully in the days gone by and for such noble purposes, supplying happy homes with the necessaries of life and comfort with good tillage applied. But now the old farm groans and complains of abuse and loneliness and moans and sighs through the branches of the thorn and thistle for the good old time. But the bough and the frolicking youth of the companionship of the old farm are now changed into lobiest of oppression by profession.

"Some in rags, some in jags,
And some in velvet gowns."

We aim to have some wise statesmen and politicians who are catered to and made to think that the sun would stand still at their command, but the difference between a politician and a statesman is, that a statesman is one who is in politics because he has money, and a politician is one who has money because he is in politics. They prove, as advance agents of civilization, in-

dependence, liberty, and moral vicissitudes, reared in idle fancies of "the spoils belong to the victors," devoid of conscientious scruples to further the means to accomplish the end in appropriations of millions of dollars to educate the American Indian in like pursuits of living, because of his changeable abode of advancing so-called civilization. He has been driven from pillar to post of greed of possessions of government allotments, until the signs of the times bids fair for the red man, or American Indian to display his self or individuality, that in time will surpass those methods of extermination and annihilation of misguided civilization. Education is essential, wisely instructed. But ninety-nine per cent of those who return home from school, do nothing. The other one per cent become professional men. Within the past few years the strides made by the American red man in farming have displayed such character of power in pursuit as to out-class those who persistently legislated to instruct. More and more Indians are taking to farming than the public would believe. But it is also true that fully thirty per cent. of those who have been instructed in government training schools will return to the reservation and become indolent and burdensome. I have

visited two of these schools; one in Kansas and one in Indian Territory, now Oklahoma. It is quite easy to go through the routine of any school, but the greatest task is the application of the instructions. Such habits are formed in the spirit of instruction as to destroy the gift of application. This assertion will apply ninety and nine times out of one hundred. One may travel through any of those western reservations and find the red man at work in the fields. Many own large cattle ranches and employ many of the white race in herding these cattle. The Indian may be seen blanketed, hoeing corn or driving the binder. Such things are quite common in New Mexico, Arizona, Dakota and Oklahoma.

In Oklahoma vast fields of wheat are cultivated by full-bloods, but they are called civilized Indians and remain so until their possessions are coveted by civilized people (or so-called), then the Indian resists, and then they are uncivilized. Scripture tells us to covet no one's possessions. One can ride a whole day through a vast field of wheat, sowed and cultivated by full-blood Cherokees. They live in palatial homes and are hospitable people, industrious and progressive. It was through the influence of General John A. Logan and General Custer who advocated, and

not until about 1887, that the United States government first came to the conclusion that manual labor would exercise a greater influence toward civilization than powder and shot. That was the date when their first lands were allotted to them. It was then believed that the proper way to go about teaching them to farm was to move them on a quarter-section of good land, telling them you must get a living out of this or starve.

In a few years the government found this the shortest cut to civilization. In the Sioux nations once the fiercest contest ever waged. One sees now well developed-farms with good crops. Red men who have fought in many deadly battles are now very peaceful behind the plough and harrow in the United States. To-day, there are forty thousand Indians who earn their living by farm-work. Last year they sold their farm products for a combined sum of one million five hundred thousand dollars, over and above the expenses of living. This was about forty dollars per capita, which is very good considering the fact that thirty per cent of them have never before farmed an acre of ground. While the government has demonstrated by fact that honest toil

is the school of progress and civilization, and that nowhere can it be obtained only in the universal laws of nature. Nature is the greatest teacher and abounds everywhere. The tuition is honest toil. The manuscripts are written everywhere. The trees, the herbs, the plants, the sun, the moon, the stars, the mountains, the valleys, the ocean, the lakes, the river and the silvery brook. The birds of the air, the beasts of burden and hundreds of nature's stores, too numerous to mention, are written in the great Book of Life.

This is the school of civilization, and the farther advanced, the greater the civilization that binds civil government in Christian warfare with the greatest good to the greatest number. It soothes, it heals, it bounds, and rebounds in faith, hope and charity. Its echos are heard in every quarter, it brings nature's Creator in closer proximity with all creation; it stimulates justice and equal rights to all men; it brings all in touch with new resolves and self-reliance. The robe of barbarity that has enshrouded us with greed and grief loosenes its cords and drops from obscurity, and displays the true self and individuality that begins to

hum the old familiar air, "Nearer My God to Thee, Let me Hide Myself in Thee."

This is the teachings of nature, it aspires to Right.

> For right is right, and God is God,
> And right the day must win.
> To doubt would be disloyalty,
> To falter, would be sin.

I have personally always been in sympathy with the redmen. I was at Independence, Kansas, several years ago. There was billed to exhibit the following day a "circus." About five hundred Indians were camped just at the outskirts of the town to witness the show. Some of the finest tanned and tattooed buffalo robes the human eye ever beheld was amongst their effects, as soft and pliable as silk, and superior in workmanship to any I have ever beheld from that day to this. Indians taste for fabrics are red in color. Calicos of that hue are always displayed on such occasion by merchants to catch their eye and sold at fabulous prices, that was what I witnessed on that day. The squaws were liberal purchasers. The tall handsome bucks, of great stature and physique, were to be admired. They devoted a keen pre-

cept of their surroundings, their eyes sparkled in keenness. The impression I never forgot. Their endurance has been wonderful for a man oppressed. One cannot help admiring them for their many daring deeds. Many times aggravated to deeds of violence, no more vengeful than ourselves but more manly in their likes and dislikes. You befriend them and it was never forgotten and when opportunity presented itself it was repaid many fold.

I know of one person in the earlier days when the buffalos roamed the western prairies at will, and fed from the western slope of ravines in herds of hundreds, and oft times thousands and Indians roaming at will hunting and looked upon the invasion of the white man with suspicion. This one person told me that he had one team and six men who would leave camp in the morning. He did the shooting and they followed his trail with team and wagon and they would strip the hides and leave the carcass. As many as one hundred per day was an ordinary task.

The skins were stretched out upon the prairies with the fleshy side up, and wooden pegs were driven through the four corners of the skins into the ground, and left that way

to cure out. He told me they had about six acres of skins, and one night the Indians came and cut them into shreds. Who could blame them for revenging such unmerciful slaughter of their pride. These skins obtained by thousands, after cured were tied in bundles and corded up along the invaded railroad that more resembled ricks of wood than cords of hides. This was only the work of one man. There were hundreds pursuing the same pursuit. The skins were shipped east until extermination closed the havoc of the march of civilized warfare against so harmless of beasts.

Who showed the greater of civilization, the white man or the red man? I will leave the reader to answer to the dictation of his own conscience. The Indian preserved, the white man destroyed. We have labored to civilize the red man and his following so as to harmonize with our belief and custom of civilization until subjugation has given sway to greater objection. We have suppressed one evil and supplanted a greater one—penny wise and pound foolish would be more appropriate in expression of opinion, as the difference of opinion should cause no dissention between the reader and the

writer, as that is about all that is left (opinion). Conquests in competition forbid the expression of even an opinion. We no longer hear the Indian war-whoop, but have encouraged and fostered a greater evil to grow and expand while suppressing the lesser one. The government's experiment with the red man, after great cost of lives and money, as well as hardship, has solved the problem with labor as the production of civilization, and in turn teaches the civilized youth to learn the art of science and learn to make a living without labor, that its actual cost and reckoning will exceed that of the adventures with the red man from the beginning to the end. The whole country is dotted with monuments of idleness, while nature slumbers without labor to rouse it. The appropriation of means without the knowledge of attainment is destruction of alluring passions. It weakens the object of pursuit, as pursuit is greater than possession. And possessions do not always bring with them content. Instead, aggravating responsibilities arise in the differential attitude of the happiness of pursuit and the discords in possession that only hasten the end of many happy homes.

The methods employed in pursuit do not contrast with those of possession—the endurance of the unnatural to conform with the conditions. This is the sad feature of ambition. Let us reason with ourselves and see what progress we have made in civilization and aspiration. Aspiration is one who aspires to the good, one who is inspired with God's wisdom, one who is pure in heart, one who seeks to uplift rather than degrade his fellow-being, one who aspires to maintain a spotless character that is as white as snow. Aspiration is meekness. Its strength is greater than armor and towers above ambition as a beacon of light to guide those who have been shipwrecked by over-ambition. Abraham Lincoln was of such character. Our whole system of progress is fostered by ambition. Our youth are educated from ambitious principles compiled from theories and schemes advocated and published by concerns and monopolies that are fostered and encouraged by legislative enactments of bodies comprised of learned professions, who are selected and empowered with authority of enactments of law as advance agents of civilization. When the very principle of law is ambition, the first act is advantage, the second is possession, the third is confiscation,

the fourth is annihilation. It is uncivilized for any commonwealth to empower every applicant with law. Any community would suffer less to arm the applicant with any weapon of death, either gun or sword. The community empowered with equal rights would have less fear and greater progress than now exists and more happy and contented homes. It's fear that unnerves any community; it retards progress and destroys intellect and, finally, a nation of weaklings. Law is grand when administered by those endowed with aspiration. The ravages of law are causing untold agonies, direct and indirect, and of such nature as to deceive those who practice it. Law was the forerunner of all the vast combinations. They combined against the ravages of law for mutual protection. It was law that arrayed labor against capital. Law has created more paupers, orphan children, represents more horror than the late rebellion and created more dishonor, as there was some honor in the struggles of war. I do not write this to create strife, but as truth, as truth is truth, and 'tis time we had a little more of it.

For when the cause is just even the small will conquer the great. Discipline makes good government. Discipline is the mixture of the

ore of progress, but regularity is the curse of all systems. Homer wisely uttered the sentence that "the man is as hateful to me as the gates of hell who hides one thing in his mind and utters another." This is characteristic of civilization that predominates everywhere. Business is a crafty pursuit in blank. Religion is the bark launched one day in seven upon the morning tide, the cloak unfurled as the sail; the rudder, deceit; the anchor is gold; the name is heartless; the color is black; the mast is clay; the figure-head the emblem of destruction. This represents the craftiness of business that we call progress and civilization, and the prime factor and cause of diminishing religious congregations. The competitive systems of business have gained such a footing as to disclose the deterrogating influences of progress and civilization. One may ascend the ladder of fame, honor and wealth until the last round is reached. Then the descent slowly begins. As the descent begins, each descending round of the ladder gives way from the strain of the descent, until the last round is reached. All sorts of nostrums were tried in the descent, but no relief—that's ambition. 'Tis then aspiration begins to dawn and gather together the fragments of destruction and shape

them into triumphal success. Aspiration is the very sinew of success.

If to some theme 'tis thy intent to rise,
Thou must attend how best to tune thy lyre,
Else disdain thy well-picked notes inspire;
Herein the secret of true triumph lies.
When thou wouldst rear a work of mighty size,
Advance but slowly as a growing fire;
Scan well thy path lest hasty actions tire,
Or like a flame thy ardor's impulse dies.
Proud with hope, believe the goal in view,
Let not mere failures prey upon thy heart;
Great oaks, remember, from small acorns grew;
Though it be trivial, well perform thy part,
And preserving till thy labors through,
Full crowned success will into being start.

These lines are the essentials of success and well worthy of remembrance. One cannot attain success without years of ardent toil. Impulse and principle must accompany your every act. Aspire to excel within yourself and to do good without. Encourage the right and suppress the wrong. Strive not for riches and seek not after vain things. These are knotty problems, but the only solvent of betterment. They are aspirations of sincere individuality and composing ele-

ments of elevating civilization. Instead, you cast about and envy this one and that one and imagine and brood over perplexities because you cannot gratify your cravings for that which never was intended for you. You try and you fail. You fail and you try, and give up discouraged, despondent and ofttimes feel as though it was to be damned if you did and be damned if you don't. In this mood you offer your service to one who has experienced the same as you, but kept courage, and at last got his bearings and became master of his fate. After several years elapse, it may be a lifetime, you look back and sum up the start, and then it all is clear to you that you both started with equal chances. The one kept his grip, the other lost his and his courage. It requires one's whole lifetime to accomplish any well-meaning pursuit of life, because as time expires and age advances new cares and greater responsibilities increase until it requires the combined forces of both mind and body to combat with them. These are the fruits of labor in civilization that tend to keep the mind and body employed. It is when we become idle that we contract bad habits and gather immoral influence from idleness. Every man should have and conduct some honorable business, for any

man who has no business has no business here. This will apply to both sexes in the development of civilization. While with one who is well advanced with the affairs of state that comprises so many changes in so short a period is beyond apprehension and comparison in the annals of civilization. The wonderful strides have left their imprint upon the face of nature, and the morals and general character of activity have deteriorated as progress has advanced, until the very foundation is being undermined in the greed for gain.

And the struggle for existence and supremacy is waged with such bitterness of instinct as to destroy the usefulness of progress by the masses, who have been decoyed by means of it to accomplish the end. No one ever dreamed of witnessing that which has transpired, or experiencing the ingratitude and inconsistency of human nature. Progress has brought with it its perplexities and its embitterments, its sorrows and its remorses. It has laid its imperialistic hand upon fate. It has severed the holy bonds of peace and trampled justice beneath its feet. It has created discord and discontent. It has created dudes and dupes, idleness and want, trusts, pools and gigantic combinations, in order

to escape its ravages. It has been fondled and petted until progress has given way to satisfy the cravings of ambitious means that flow into the reservoirs of vast wealth to hasten the end of blasphemy and put to shame the Goddess of Liberty, or the seal of our national pride, E Pluribus Unum, or the screech of our emblem of republic, the American eagle, or the celebration of the national holiday of July Fourth in honor of the Declaration of Independence, or national airs. "O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave," or the sweetest and dearest song that was ever heard, "Home, Sweet Home." Then, in order to appease the clamorous and tumultuous crowds, gigantic public resorts have been reared and fostered in pleasure's pursuit. Pleasure is the flower that passes remembrance the lasting perfume. The indulgence has left many passions so sweet that they excuse all the follies they provoke at the present.

> Pleasures are like poppies spread
> You seize the flower and its bloom is shed;
> Or like snowflakes upon the river,
> For a moment only and gone forever.

We have trotted a fast pace. There were many entries and but one stake winner. All

were confident, but out of our class. Run a good race but was jockeyed. Track was smooth but we stumbled. We all entered with equal chances and same pursuit. This represents the race of life. So now if you will keep in your class as experience has taught you, and rise but slowly, progress will care for itself. For you cannot ride, run. If you cannot run, walk. If you cannot walk, crawl. If you cannot crawl, make signs. You will by and by make some sign that will talk, and as you advance the scale you will experience them all. In the start there will be a great many tumbles, bruises, cries and yelps, but don't mind them, for these are a part of life. This represents business . So if you are not blessed with an overabundance of repeaters of get ups, to every fall down, you would have been better located to have died when born, as the new born babe who opened its eyes looked around, smiled and died. One glance was sufficient. Those last few lines I will dedicate the college student as fitting emblems of their ambition. As labor was the stepping stones to civilization, the writer is of the opinion that if the searchlight of honest inquiry was turned upon these public institutions of learning it would reveal sights and doings that would call forth in-

vestigation of pursuit and demerits of depravity and idleness of purpose. Having experienced the truth of these statements is mild in form as to the depredation of the acts. There are others, mentioning these facts without malice but with such motives of provoking or encouraging such degrading calamities in civilized homes. Anything worth having is worth the cost. So, if these boys were given to understand that they must be their own tutor there would be instead where only one spear of grass grows, there would be now two. For if the boy has the right stuff in him he will get there, college or no college. You cannot make a six thousand dollar man out of a ten cent boy. The farm is the greater college. The walls are space. The roof the starry heavens. The instructor "nature." The assistant "good books" to broaden your intellect and expand your mind. Tuitions is labor. One year with nature is of more value than a life time in any college. The college boy is not wise in his own conceit. All who know him will admit. I would reform the college student or kill him off. I protest for one. I know we pretend to dote on him and offer to believe that he is the first care of the state. But its false, we don't. Nobody but his mother does. From the time he first

starts out he becomes an insufferable nuisance. If at that stage of his career his own gall could be divided into three hundred parts instead of three, and he left with only one of them, the relief to mankind and to himself would be commendable. Because an infinite fraction of the whole of what he has would suffice the needs of any ordinary mortal. Why do I say these hard things about him? I say them because of good reasons, as nothing is law that is not reason. And more reasons than I would care to mention. The youth is only a tool in the hands of a few, over which the parents has no control as long as the means may further the ends. What I am about to say is only a part of the play. To create enthusiasm for other victims in support and maintainance of these vast numbers of misguided youth and impoverished homes. I say it because he is self-important, noisy, conceited and ignorant of all practical knowledge of the hardships of his supporters. He lacks wisdom, parts his hair in the middle, flaunts his fraternity badge and school colors in an offensive sort of way in everybody's face, and goes up street yawping his ear-splitting yell to the fright and disgust of all mind sensitive folks within sound. I have saw him at theatres that their acts were hissed, but still

their unmitigated gall would not permit of respect of the better class or element that had gathered to witness some special admirer of the foot lights. They would make more noise and take up more room than the whole audience. Elbowing everybody out of the way and drowning the voices and the music with their idiotic, book chalk, jay hawk rah, rahO-S-U, or whatever the gibberish is. I have seen somewhat of this world and I think I have correctly sized up a good many people in it, and I give it as my mature and solemn judgment based upon a careful unprejudiced comparison and experience with the many classes of people who cultivate the habit of making a holy show out of themselves, that with one exception the average college student the most obtrusive and bigotted ass that fronts the grieved and frowning face of heaven. Now I am not objecting to what this creature might learn at school. It's what he doesn't learn that I am talking about. He's lazy; he doesn't design himself for any of the usual work of mankind. Nobody ever heard of a college student who was fitting himself for anything but one of the learned professions of how to live off the balance of mankind. He's going to be a lawyer. Yes, a lawyer. That, he thinks, offers the best

opportunity for his cravings with the least exertion. Sort of if you don't I will dreamy expression, perhaps a preacher. If the sexton would agree to carry in the coal and make fires, and do the sweeping of the parsonage and a Chicago syndicate furnish him the sermons at ten cents per. Then perhaps a doctor. He thinks that it may be best to be connected with some Medical University with hospital attached that he may hand out your friends in parcels, or as a whole, as you may choose them. Then the editor looms up as the ideal to write up the scandals or a fabulous sum for suppression. He thinks of the author and writes fiction that would reach the one thousand edition. The orator, the statesman and no doubting thought ever ruffles his serenely egotistic soul that when once he vaults into the arena of affairs the things of this world will be speedily set to rights. But when he finally does land out the much abused long suffering world gets its revenge. The world just trips him up and rolls its big self over him and mashes the wind out of him, and then picks him up and chucks him into a little 8x10 office, with cobwebs on the ceiling and fly specks on the windows and two broken chairs on the floor, and a dozen second-hand books in a lobby old

case with the glas broken out and refuses to pay his board bill any longer goes off and leaves him to learn wisdom from the ant. Nor have I any malice toward the college student only to show them the waywardness of their folly and display theirself or individuality like men. Your out of your class. I only think you take up too much room and make too much noise. You cost too much money and are too smart in the budding days of your career. If you could only be induced to subside somewhat to practice a little the modest habit of self effacement, go out and soak your head, turn on the X rays upon your inwards and see yourself as others see you we could possibly endure you. But you won't. You have spent the better part of life in book learning, athletic sports and theories of practices, and vain ideas of principles fixed and fostered in educational pursuits that bids fair to shake the very foundation of civilization. That future ages will scarcely believe the hardiness of one people of natural pursuits and economical tendencies of industrial habits could be induced to furnish the subject and the means to rear palaces of theoretical institutions of idleness and learning that is shaking the fundamental principles of christianity over the entire world. Theological teach-

ings are not accepted as plain facts because of advanced theories to dodge the main issue in order to sooth the consciences to suit the occasion while the awfulness is as a smoldering fire and only needs a little more smoldering to kindle the flame to expose the dark and sinewy ways of guardians of peace in positions of trust in the manipulation of affairs with means to accomplish the end. There are projects in existence at this very time that are only being taken up thread at a time that when completed you may hang on the wall as the revised map of the new affairs. It will require time, perhaps a quarter of a century, but the seed is planted, and is being nourished by absorbing means to the end. All this is the ravage of ambition and professions. They represent unsteady gain that bring with them their activities and their oppressions. Commercial interest boom with activity that stimulate fictitious values. These oppressions dictate the real value or worth in open market. These oppressions claim its victims until each succeeding activity of over ambition with greater oppression. These periods occur about ever ten years. And with each succeeding period activity increases as oppression diminishes in corresponding value until wealth concentrates into

vast reservoirs of monopolized capital that is the very pulse of adversity or prosperity. Supply and demand are no more the sound of value. 'Tis capital that sways the markets. Artificial products have a greater tendency to lessen the value of the natural product than from any other source. We have become a world of imitators in almost every cereal or vegetable we partake of them as nourishment as being palatable and digestible into our stomachs just because the label says so, but our stomachs differ from the prescribed nutrician on the label and refuses to respond to its natural function with the unnatural treatment. We become irritable, nervous, all out of sorts. Everything is wrong and you don't know what ails you. Your whole family is afflicted the same way. All of these unnatural products have been analyzed by professional chemistry and pronounced harmless with their different elements of bone, muscle and brain producing food. You become alarmed in your condition and call your family physician. He pronounces your case critical and prescribes another stomach tester and another until your stomach becomes sulky and cramped and refuses to limber up or accept any greater criticism in the dis-

charge of duty. As the stomach represents the fountain head or dictator of the human system with all its tributaries as they all attack in sympathy. They conclude to quit and allow civilization take its course for you have no more interest. Then the last professional act is performed with your avoirdupois by injecting about four gallons of liquid into your body at four dollars per gallon —to make you look pleasant as long as you are here. You might, unawares, perform a somnambulist feat and return and swim round in a pickling vat and be fished out and tell science what was the matter with you, as you acted queer, and did not relish the treatment. But after diagnosis of your case we find the lack of means aggravated your case that hastened the end. This represents the science of art in the craftiness of profession. The wrongs inflicted can never be supplemented with rights enforced. But we overcome this with natural results of maintainance that lives are sacrificed every day that others may live from the vegetable kingdom to the animal kingdom. One vegetable gives way in exhaustible measures in order to perpetuate another. The fishes of the sea, the fowls of the air, the beasts that roam the forest, the domestic

animal, all are victims of the sustenance of the greater. One cannot partake of any food without the notice of sacrificing life in order to sustain his own. Wars are waged with the awful destruction that others may thrive and nations be preserved. But as stated the wrongs inflicted can never be supplemented with rights enforced. I do not wish the reader to entertain any insinuation or cast any undue reflection, as that is not the writer's intent. But impulse and principle with distilled ambition, supplemented with aspiration, affiliated from experience and close observation, gathered from success and failures in the intermingling with the masses and different classes in every pursuit of life. Prompted with one desire to aspire in excellence of thought in expounding the materialistic views of means to ends. Nor does the writer wish or with any intent to array class against class in expounding truths with grave responsibilities that confront us in national, state, municipal and domestic relations that are being shifted and knocked about with bruises and sores until the malady is deadly and as unsettled and as dark as the unfathomed depths of "Hell." All sorts of theories are advanced but no relief. With arrayed falsehood against truth of libel intent and ferocious

sentiment in the despoiling of reputable characters and reputation of personal and private relations until so great is the clamor for sensational news that the public press clamors for news of sensational character that is taken up by the youth and cries it aloud upon public highways to excite the cravings of passions in the depravity of civilization. This denotes the drift of mind and character of sentiment until grievances are pigeon-holed in many private compartments. Grievances and hatred treasured up in many broken hearts. Smouldering emblems of vengeance that only abides the time of revenge. These are the fruits of ambition that destroys the nobility of character and undermines the fundamental principles of self government. Ambition follows vain pursuits, and its pursuit dazzles and sparkles in splendor arrayed. It allures you on forgetful of your surroundings and the rapidity you are going, until suddenly light reveals the awful chasm. Ambition was greater than the means in your selfish desires to conquer worlds without means to end. Ambition is thriving, it schemes and plans in the silent hours of weasome morning when honest toil is in sweet repose, with contented minds and peaceful homes full of hope and aspiration, not dream-

ing that ambition was weaving the web of destruction in their aspiration to own their little home. Like the man who lay down beneath the shade of the maple tree to rest. He fell asleep and slept on. The ambitious spider toiled on and wove the web across his body ten thousand strong, and when the man awoke he found himself a prisoner to the spider. Ambition was the downfall of the Roman Empire, the Spanish and others. They sought to conquer and add new laurels in deadly conflict, but new possessions only aggravated greater ones until ambition far exceeded the means to accomplish the end. Nations boast of their civilization when future ages will denounce us as uncivilized because of methods pursued with customs and practices that are barbarous and uncivilized to satisfy greed and lust. Men sit in the most fashionable pews of our churches and contribute liberally for its support from means collected of personal property that are veritable hells of debauchery and crime They excuse themselves and ease their minds by referring to their agents, forgetting that principals are responsible for their agens' acts. This is ambition arrayed in gaudy attire of fashions and customs, that parade the aisles of houses of worship and rehearse the

sermon around the fashionable fireside, compiled with such scrutiny as to harmonize with the surroundings of obedience to mammon, devoid of any conscientious scruples in the transaction of business affairs to meet the demands of the princely divine. Such means are not worthy but only illustrate to what means are resorted to meet the ends, and then we bow to submission and console ourselves in the belief that charity covers a multitude of sins. How despicable the feelings and thoughts must be of those who can number their victims by the score in the practice of their stately professions and oppressions of despair, and the ingratitude of ambition in the greed of possession without the right of concession of means that leave only monuments of silent green mounds in the village church yard of lasting remembrance of the end. Now don't throw the book down and cry confound it. Brace up and let your spirits climb, for we are bound to find in the course of time some way to get around it. 'Tis this that will be the means of causing the face of nature to blossom as the rose and to smile in prosperous abundance. It has required fifty years of honest sturdy toil to accumulate the means to educate ambition into the youth and the displacement of in-

dividuality and complacent adjective professions of learned oppression and achievments of treasurable practice in mutual enactments of daily transactions in lieu of the environments of pleasure has depleted the treasures of means to end. Something for nothing is the predominating ambition of every profession. Exertion is laborious and distasteful. It is a continuous shifting of responsibilities and cares, and anxieties in the affairs of national state, private and individual. And yet claims the honor of distinction by position only. If the real power behind the throne was exposed to public view, the pulse of public sentiment would quicken and revolt and expose the culprit as a traitor and betrayer of confidence and faith in the power of public opinion. This predominates everywhere at home and abroad, it has deadened the insensibility of individuality. This only articulates the presumptuous feeling of the political arena and pre dominating element in control of means to end. So predominating is the practicing element of the power behind the throne that it is with timidity we address the husband as the head of the family.

The false conceptions and imperfections of individuality that predominates in the ambitious

nature against aspiration and the natural inclination of human nature in combatting in strife against warfare, for possession of means to conquer worlds without ends in industrial pursuits and leave monuments of despair in the path of craving ambition spiced with lust and depraved humanity as memorials for future posterities as a nation imbued with independence, celebrated as our national confirmation of a liberty-loving people. Liberty is suppressed by law and administered by the most depraved individuality known to mortal man. Independence is a mockery, a myth, a snare, a delusion, propagated and nourished with deception of perfection, their causes and effects of means to ends. It is the writer's hope and aspiration that this little volume will so inspire every reader in thought, mind and soul to enlist every effort in reclaiming the constitutional rights, liberties and independence of liberty-loving people.

THE GOLDEN RULE.

Do unto others as you would have others do unto you. And the ten commandments are the only universal laws of creative power that really influence or have any direct bearing upon

the minds of the people and the safest means to end. The reader may censure and critize the writer in discrimination of objectionable means to ends, as censure and criticism never hurt anybody. If false, they cannot hurt you unless you are wanting in manly character; and if true, they show a man his weak points and forewarn him against failure and trouble. To prosecute is right, to persecute is wrong. Hundreds of men have been driven into continued crime by the dogging of their footsteps by the authorities instead of giving them a fair opportunity to do better. Better that sin should shame us than damn us. It is the damnable means employed in the suppression of crime — it persecutes the purpose of the prosecution of the offense. This results largely from over indulgence in education and vain idle fancies of pursuit. It is against any person to be or try to be a practical farmer or skilled mechanic. It is against heavy odds to even apply practical common sense in one's own affairs. It is the scum element that overrules the better class. With the arm of such laws reaching out in the control of machine element, in politics, business and home affairs until fear has weakened the means that succor the ends. Capital is timid. Idleness predom-

inates. Industry and labor demand equality without skill or adaptability and imposing imposition of arrayed ignorance against experience until forbearance has almost ceased to become a virtue and caused the writer to compose these few lines.

Shun not men of humble birth,
  Some possess a hero's soul.
By their actions judge their worth,
  Noble deeds live beyond this earth.

Believing most all men honest at heart and principle, if their surroundings would so permit. It is the unnatural individuality that despoils the personalities and defrauds the better part of man in every walk of life. Capital and labor should cultivate such individuality and such feelings as to think —

I would be only too glad
  To say good morning
As you pass along the way,
  It would spread the morning glory
O'er the live-long day.

The display of individuality actuated from experience of course only to be achieved by living, and living is a question of time. I have

learned from experience to rely upon time as my helper. I will wager time and I against any two, having experienced time as a beautifier and my all-wise consoler; it has been the means of food for experience and the soil of wisdom. But as time has pased I have found the world to be a place of sorrow as well as of joy. Having witnessed many dark scenes of toil, suffering, difficulty, misfortune, and failure. Happy are they who can pass through amidst such trials with a firm mind and pure heart, encountering trials with cheerfulness and standing erect beneath even the heaviest burden. But it is a healthy indication of character to be encouraged in a right direction and not to be sneered down and repressed. The brave man will not be baffled, but tries and tries again until he succeeds. The tree does not fall at the first stroke; it is repeated strokes that accomplishes the task. Cyrus Field was twelve years in accomplishing the task of successfully laying the first Atlantic cable. My father faced debt for thirty years before he could call possessions his own by right of title in lieu of taxes that are encumberances on means to end. But of all this after great labor one may see the visible success at which one has

arrived, but forget the toil and suffering and peril through which it had been achieved. Then jealousy and prejudice displays the personal individuality of man. All these the author has experienced. Many will envy me, but I am willing that you may have all these things at a better bargain than I had. If you will only step out and allow me to fire at you with a gun thirty times at thirty paces, and if I don't kill you, all shall be your own. Well, but you won't shrink from the ordeal. Very well, recollect then that I have been shot at more than a thousand times and much nearer before I arrived at the state which you now find me. The apprenticeship of difficulty is one which the greatest of men have had to serve. It is usually the best stimulus and discipline of character; it often revokes power of action that but for it would have remained dormant. As miracles are sometimes performed by accident, so heroes are brought to light by sudden calamity. It seems as if in certain cases genius, like iron struck by the flint, needed the sharp and sudden blow of adversity to bring out the divine spark. There are natures which blossom and ripen amidst trials, which only wither and decay in an atmosphere of ease and comfort. Thus

it is good for men to be roused into action and stiffened into self-reliance by difficulty, rather than to slumber away their lives in useless idleness. It is the struggle that is the condition of victory in all honorable pursuits of life. If there were no difficulties there would be no need of effort. Thus difficulty, adversity and suffering are not all evil, but after the best source of strength; for the same reason it is often of advantage for a man to be under the necessity of having to struggle with poverty and conquer it. He who has battled with poverty and hard toil will be found stronger and more expert than he who could stay at home concealed amongst plenty. It is often one's poverty that makes the world rich. It is not prosperity so much as adversity, not wealth so much as poverty, that stimulates the perseverance of strong and healthy natures as well as nations. It rouses their energy and develops their character. Some men only require a great difficulty in their way to exhibit the form of their character and genius, and that difficulty once conquered becomes one of the greatest incentives of their further progress. It is a mistake to suppose that men succeed through success. They much oftener succeed through failure, by far

the best experience of men is made up of their rememberd failures in sensible men incite to better self-government and greater toil and self-control as a means of avoiding them in the end. Henry Clay was elected United States senator from his district to represent his constituents in certain measures, but from some reason he cast his vote contrary to that pledge. He had one great friend who was his companion on many hunting expeditions. Upon his return home, riding leisurely along, mounted on his trusty horse, as that was the only mode of travel in those days, he met his friends with gun in hand. They halted, and Mr. Clay's friend reprimanded him for his conduct as their representative. Mr. Clay remonstrated with his friend by asking him if his gun had ever flashed in the pan, as flint-lock guns were the only style of gun in those days. His reply was, once; he prized the gun very highly for all that. Mr. Clay asked him if he would part with the gun for all that it had flashed in the pan once. His reply was no. Well, Mr. Clay told him, "Why do you wish to part friends with me? Did I ever flash in the pan before?" The hunter realized the point and forgave Mr. Clay and remained fast friends. But time brings about

strange revenges. The persecutors and the persecuted often change places. It is the persecuted who are great, the persecutors who are infamous. Even the names of the persecutors would probably long ago have been forgotten but for their connection with the history of the men whom they have persecuted. Men ofttimes break through strong barriers and defy the power of their persecutors. As there are no blessings that may not be perverted into evils, so there are no trials that may not be converted into blessings.. Even in private life too much prosperity either injures the moral man and his household and occasions conduct which ends in suffering or is accompanied by the workings of envy, calamity and persecution by law. Men may have nothing yet may possess all. Experience is often bitter but wholesome. Only by its teachings can we learn to suffer and be strong. Character in its highest forms is disciplined by trial and from the deepest sorrow. The patient and thoughtful mind will gather richer wisdom than pleasure ever yielded. No man is more miserable than he that hath no adversity. That man is not tried whether he be good or bad. Prosperity and success of themselves do not confer happiness. Indeed it infrequently happens

that the least successful in life have the greatest share of true joy. The wise person gradually learns not to expect too much from life, while he strives for success by worthy methods, he will be prepared for failures.

Wailings and complainings of life are never of any use, nor will the wise man expect too much of them about him; if he would live at peace with others he will bear and forbear who is perfect. Who does not suffer from some thorn in his flesh? for myself, keep me innocent, make others great. Then how much does the disposition of every human being depend upon their individuality and their surroundings. The comforts and discomforts of the homes in which they have been brought up, their inherited characteristices and the examples good or bad, to which they have been exposed through life, regard for such considerations should teach charity and forebearance to all men, at the same time life will always, to a large extent, what we ourselves make it. Each mind makes its own little world, the cheerful mind makes it pleasant and the discontented mind makes it miserable.

Life is for the most part but the mirror of

our own individual selves. Our mind gives to all situations, to all fortunes high or low, their real characters. To the good, the world is good; to the bad, the world is bad. There is much in this life we can never comprehend. There is indeed a great deal of mystery in life. Much that we see as through smoky glass but though we may not apprehend the full meaning of the discipline of trial through which the best have to pass. We must have faith in the completeness of the designer of which our little individuals form a part, but short though our stay in life may be, it is the appointed sphere in which each has to work out the means to ends. As one touch of nature makes the whole world kin.

Having traveled much over this vast country that is so beautiful, dotted with its picturesque scenery, one would almost feel that all was a dream as you glide smoothly along over land and sea. The variation of scenery of lowlands and snow-capped mountains in the spring time when the birds begin to sing and buds and promises of flowers and harvest, and the earth unfolds its treasures under the influence of the descending sun. When summer days are hot and dry, and animal nature and earth's foilage parched and

dried, when all creation is suffering with heat and thirst; then 'tis we in whom there exists the spirit of freedom sigh for the woods and stream, or to seek out some quite nook by the babbling brook, where the silvery ripples thread their way through picturesque valleys and dales, over moss-covered boulders, out into the gulf streams of activity of waves that roll with snow-white crests, with the incoming tide to be dashed to pieces against the breakers. We desire to visit some spot where anticipated pleasure will be found, to camp among the whispering pines with waters swishing at our feet and throw out the life line that we may catch one glimpse of our longings. Many of us are wearied of business pursuits, we crave a retreat where the mind and body can obtain rest from the overtaxed nervous system; where the soul will find that sweet content while resting amidst the peacefulness of nature. Then after the day is gone we lay upon the mossy bank of life's journey when the dimness of twilight has cast its rainbow hews over the silvery river of life with our face heavenward with the stars dazzling with splendor, we ask ourselves "What does it all mean?" We look back with meditation and dream that just over the River is the End.

AUG 4 1904

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
0 029 785 108 1

MEANS to ENDS

by

H. H. DeWEESE